

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1914.

Summary of the News

A delicate situation, which has since been cleared up, arose last week between the Governments of the United States and of Turkey. Dispatches received on November 18 from Capt. C. Decker, of the cruiser *Tennessee*, revealed the fact that two days previously the cruiser's launch had been fired on in the harbor of Smyrna. The anxiety in Washington caused by the report of the incident was accentuated by the difficulty that has been experienced, since the entry of Turkey into the war, of communicating with Constantinople. The Administration immediately sent instructions to Ambassador Morgenthau to inquire into the matter and to the commanders of the cruisers *Tennessee* and *North Carolina* to take no steps without communicating with the home Government. Ambassador Morgenthau's account of the incident was, however, received on Saturday, and had been written before the communications from the State Department reached him. According to the explanation voluntarily offered to Mr. Morgenthau by the Ottoman Minister of the Interior, the shots were fired across the bow of the *Tennessee's* launch only as a friendly warning that the harbor was mined. The Ambassador had already been officially informed that the port of Smyrna was closed alike to warships and merchant vessels. The explanation is regarded by the Administration as satisfactory.

The situation as regards the attitude of the Balkan states towards the war remains unchanged. Censored dispatches from Athens dated November 20 stated that Bulgaria had reiterated her assertions of neutrality. It has been suggested that the Austrian advance into Serbia might tempt Bulgaria to throw in her lot with the Dual Alliance, and that Rumania might conceivably join with her. In Bulgaria, however, popular sympathy is understood to be with Russia, and in Rumania it is certainly on the side of the Allies. Moreover, one of the Rumanian Ministers, M. Jonesco, if we may credit press reports, appears to have been singularly outspoken in his advocacy of the cause of the latter. That Turkey herself is anxious concerning the course that Bulgaria may pursue is evident from her military preparations in Thrace. According to dispatches from Salonica to the *London Morning Post*, on November 20, large forces of troops are concentrated in European Turkey, and energetic steps are being taken to strengthen the fortifications of Adrianople.

Despite the kindly undertaking of the Turko-German alliance to exempt the Italian provinces in Libya from the scope of the "holy war" that has been proclaimed for Islam, it is evident that the situation is regarded in Italy as one calling for exceptional precautions. The Italian Government last week assigned \$9,200,000, of the \$80,000,000 appropriated for military purposes, to extraordinary military expenses in Cyrenaica. Signor Salandra's Cabinet, since its recon-

struction, has evidently endeavored in good faith to hold fast by the policy of its predecessor, but the situation, already sufficiently difficult, as is brought out in the letter from a correspondent in Rome, which we publish elsewhere, has been greatly complicated by the entry of Turkey into the war. A speech in favor of intervention on the side of the Allies, recently delivered in the Constanzi Theatre by Signor Nathan, ex-Mayor of Rome, though an expression of non-official opinion, cannot be disregarded as an indication of the trend of public sentiment.

The British war loan of £350,000,000, issued at 95, carrying interest of 3½ per cent., and redeemable at par on March 1, 1923, was closed officially on Tuesday. The loan was considerably oversubscribed, and already it is stated that a small but real premium has been established for the issue.

According to the Stockholm correspondent of the *London Morning Post*, writing on November 20, the British Admiralty has accorded permission to Swedish transatlantic liners to make the passage north of Scotland, thus removing the most serious trouble for Swedish shipping as a result of mined waters.

Japan has notified Great Britain of her readiness to hand over the Marshall Islands and other German islands in the Pacific, now occupied by the Japanese, to Australia, which will send forces to occupy them until the war is ended, when their ultimate disposition will be decided.

The revolt in South Africa appears to have been virtually suppressed. A Reuter telegram from Pretoria, on Monday, declared that it was officially announced that De Wet's rebel commando had been surrounded by loyal forces on the Vaal River and had surrendered. Only De Wet and twenty-five men escaped. Other recent reports have stated that De Wet's forces were becoming disheartened, and that many of his followers were deserting him and returning quietly to their homes.

A serious riot occurred on November 19 among the alien prisoners in the British detention camp, at Douglas, Isle of Man. Apparently there was a concerted attempt on the part of a number of the prisoners to overpower the guards, the idea being to seize a boat in the harbor and escape. Four of the prisoners were killed and twelve injured by the guards in quelling the riot.

The internal dissension in Russia, as well as in Ireland, on which German diplomatists apparently counted, has not materialized into any movement of sufficient importance to affect the course of the war. Nevertheless, that disunion has not been wholly absent is indicated by the accounts from Petrograd, on Monday, of the discovery of a revolutionary plot in which five members of the Duma were implicated. Several arrests were made, and the semi-official statement recording the circumstances takes note of the attitude of "some members of the Social Democratic Associations, who continued an activity aiming

at the downfall of Russia's military power by means of an anti-war agitation, the distributing of secret proclamations, and the conducting of propaganda by word of mouth."

The text of a protest addressed by Germany to the United States against the violation of the Declaration of London, by Great Britain and France, was made public on Tuesday. The protest set forth in detail the points wherein the Declaration of London had been violated, particularly in the matter of contraband of war, and requested the Government of the United States to define its position and intentions. In reply the Administration informed the German Government that, in view of the fact that some of the belligerent Powers involved in the present war did not care to ratify the Declaration of London without material modifications, this Government withdrew its suggestion, made at the beginning of the war, that the Declaration serve as a code of law for naval warfare. The position of this country, the answer continued, would be rested on its rights under international law as interpreted by the traditional American policy up to the time that the Declaration of London was signed in 1909.

In connection with the opening of the Federal Reserve Banks, President Wilson, on November 17, addressed a letter to Secretary McAdoo in which he reviewed the economic and social future of the country, expressing confidence that an era of prosperity might be expected.

As a result of the completion of elaborate wireless observations, made through the wireless stations at Arlington and on the Eiffel Tower, it was announced by the Naval Observatory officials on November 21 that the actual difference in longitude between the official meridians of Paris and Washington is 5 hours 17 minutes 36.658 seconds.

The German Reichstag will open on December 2. It will, it is expected, be a short session, and business will be confined to the voting of a new credit of five billion marks and the ratification of the various emergency laws promulgated by the Bundesrath.

According to a cablegram from Bordeaux, received by Thomas M. Moore, Commissioner-General at the Eastern headquarters of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the French Cabinet on November 20 decided that France should officially participate in the Exposition.

The withdrawal of United States troops from Vera Cruz was commenced on Monday. We comment elsewhere on the general situation in Mexico.

The deaths of the week include: D. R. Wilkie, November 17; Dr. Rudolf Emmerich, November 18 (?); Dr. Charles Sedgwick Minot, Robert J. Burdette, Peter Percival Elder, November 19; Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, Dr. George James Bayles, Sir Edward P. Solomon, Dr. Ernst D. Richard, November 20; Major-Gen. von Voigts-Rhetz, November 20 (?); Brevet Brig.-Gen. John B. Frothingham, November 21.

The Week

Fresh war loans every week or two, mounting taxes, serious disturbance of industry, increasing numbers out of work—this is the order of the day in Europe. How long can the nations endure it? The London *Economist* argues strongly that the war cannot last much longer, because it is already bringing financial ruin in its train. The savings of years have been swept away in the past three months. Capital is being destroyed in vast amounts every week, and soon the process of financial exhaustion will compel taking up the question of a possible peace. This is good reasoning, but, unfortunately, war is the denial of reason. That countries can go on fighting even after they are bankrupt has more than once been proved. One point made by the *Economist*, however, is sound. It declares that England's superior position just now, financially and industrially, is due partly to the fact of her not having a system of compulsory military service. If she had been forced, like Germany and Austria and France, to call to the colors at once every able-bodied man, not even her command of the sea could have prevented something like a financial collapse. Voluntary enlistment in the army enables her to spread over many months the strain which the other nations have to undergo in a very short time. Meanwhile, her great resources of capital can be leisurely mobilized.

As evidence of German thoroughness and system, the extract published by the Paris *Temps* from a book of military instruction published in Berlin in 1903 is interesting. Written by a professor in the Berlin War Academy, it consists of model reports, letters, notices, etc., for use in France during a German occupation; and the particular specimen published is a reply to charges of atrocity. It embodies, in fluent language, the standard type of answers to such charges—absences of specification, untrustworthiness of witnesses, admission of the act, but explanation that, so far from being an atrocity, it was simply the necessary punishment of crime, and the like. If the *Temps* publishes it as a curiosity, and not as proof of anything diabolical in the German nature, it is more rational than have been many discoveries of things hidden or obscure, during these months of terror. The book might have been hailed as conclusive evidence that the Germans had determined, years before the war began, to indulge in all manner of atrocities and then turn out ma-

chine-made lies in answer to all accusations; whereas the only legitimate inference from the disclosure is that, among the various labors of their officers in the field which it was desirable to lighten so far as possible by system, they did not overlook even that of letter-writing. But if the French were really to regard this "boiler-plate" letter as proof of a deliberate purpose to commit outrages, they would offend less against reason than did the Germans when, having discovered a Belgian scheme of defence against a possible German invasion, they declared that this was proof that Belgium had never intended to be neutral at all!

Count von Reventlow, a leading German naval writer, and perhaps the animating spirit of the Navy League, discusses at length in *Das Grössere Deutschland* the rôle of the German navy in the war. He explains why it is that the Kaiser's capital ships must for the present be inactive. The significant point of his contention is that it is absolutely "indispensable" that the Germans capture the French and Belgian coasts as a basis for their final goal, which is the defeat of England, provided that the naval war against England is to be carried on "actively and energetically." We confess that we cannot see wherein the possession of Dunkirk, Calais, or even Boulogne would alter the naval situation. Indubitably, it would intensify British anxiety, but so long as the English navy held control of the sea, the German fleet could not find its way to Calais without facing a general engagement. Count von Reventlow's argument is that, with the northern French ports in German possession, England could no longer hermetically seal up the North Sea, and that some merchant ships could find their way into the northern French harbors. But as he also admits that the British cruisers would still control the trade routes of the high seas, it seems to us that the whole argument falls to the ground. It would be much better frankly to admit that the German fleet stays at home because it is numerically so inferior to the British that the odds are at least two to one against it. Of course, no invasion of England is possible until the British fleet is completely destroyed; and that is unthinkable at this stage of the war.

Recrimination, with a counter-charge for every charge, between the warring nations has now passed from matters involving the rules of war to questions concerning general international law. The latest dispute has to do with the observance of the Declara-

tion of London. Germany brings forward several specifications in support of her assertion that England is disregarding its prescriptions concerning contraband and conditional contraband of war. Some may smile at this sudden zeal of the German Government on behalf of international agreements. Belgium might like to say a word about that. The point might also be made that the Declaration of London is not a recognized part of international law, binding on Great Britain, since it was never ratified by Parliament. The fact is, however, that the British Government, like the German, declared at the beginning of the war that it would observe the Declaration of London, though not obliged to do so. Thus the German protest has a right to be heard. It appears to be based in part upon regulations regarding the trade in foodstuffs and raw materials which England at first announced, but has since changed or relaxed. She did this, it is believed, at the instance of the United States, and in order to facilitate our legitimate export business. But it is probably true, as the German Foreign Office asserts, that the English command of the sea is being utilized to cut off supplies from Germany in ways not in accord with the spirit or the letter of the Declaration of London. This, however, is one of those charges which, at the end of the war, will have to be duly "assessed," in President Wilson's phrase, by international tribunals.

If it is true that Prince von Bülow has been appointed Ambassador to Italy, it would appear that, after all, some understanding of the weakness of recent German diplomacy is beginning to dawn on Berlin. Von Bülow's ability no one can question; his Italian wife, his four years of previous service in Rome in this capacity, and his being an ex-Chancellor, make him by all odds the most available man in German public life to go to the Quirinal in this grave crisis. Everybody is now playing the best possible cards for Italy's support. France has sent Delcassé and England has been working night and day to bring her over to the Allies' cause. This sudden concentration of diplomatic forces upon Italy is perhaps responsible for the Foreign Secretary's bidding all of his leading Ambassadors in Europe to hasten to Rome for consultation, apparently as to what Italy's future policy ought to be. One may hope that there will be no change from her present self-restraint. The war is costing her dearly in the depression of business, the loss of trade, and the tourist traffic, and

the price of her partial mobilization, but at least her soil is not blood-drenched. Yet it is undeniable that there is still a strong popular demand for war, as in the first days of the struggle, while a large section of the press is bitterly anti-German in comment and cartoon.

Senator Lodge's blood is boiling again. This time it is over the Turkish affront to the American flag. He confesses that he knows nothing about the facts, but he is certain that this contemptible Democratic Administration is handling the affair with a mixture of supineness and imbecility. It should be understood, however, that all this display of radiant heat by the Massachusetts Senator is purely partisan. His blood never boils except for party purposes. Personally his temperature never rises. Some even say that it is usually subnormal. But whenever he sees a chance to make a point against a Democratic President, he manages to wear a flushed face, while his eyes appear blood-shot. But his family physician would tell him that this is not conducive to clear vision. Among the things which Senator Lodge now fancies that he sees, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, is the fact that the feeling in Europe for President Wilson is only one of "ridicule." But this is certainly Lodge's private discovery. Rulers and the press abroad may think in their hearts that Woodrow Wilson is a nincompoop, but, if so, they have taken precious good care to act as if they thought he was a strong President, having in foreign affairs the confidence and support of all his countrymen—except Henry Cabot Lodge. The Senator seems to have a bad case of what the old lady called bellicose veins.

Over the sailing of the American troops home from Vera Cruz on Monday much anticipatory head-shaking has been done. It has been described as a step both foolish and perilous. Mexicans, it has been said, will seize upon the occasion to begin a general throat-cutting of Americans and other foreigners in Mexico, and our armed forces will speedily have to be sent back. These predictions might alarm us more if they did not come from the same newspapers that assured us that the last withdrawal of American soldiers from Cuba was a terrible mistake, since we should have to go back in six months to rescue the island from a welter of blood. Take the purely military aspect of the evacuation. Gen. Funston had some 6,000 men at Vera Cruz. If there had been a question of making head against the

combined Mexican armies, he would have needed at least 50,000 men before the War Department would have dreamed of letting him march inland. And if that port had to be taken and occupied again, it could be with the greatest ease. The Mexicans have nothing that could stand against our battle-ships. As it is, a few war-vessels are to be left off the harbor, and their presence there will be as much of a reminder, or a threat, militarily speaking, as the sight of regiments on shore. In short, a cool view of the evacuation will make it appear of the slightest conceivable importance, so far as it affects the project of anything like a conquest of Mexico, while the true reasons for it are in quite another order of ideas.

What are those reasons? They arise partly from the President's desire to make a strong appeal to Mexican patriotism. That any such thing exists will, of course, be scouted by our high and mighty Imperialists, but there it stands. What was meant by the great outpouring of students in the Mexican capital to rejoice over the announcement by our Government that the American flag would soon cease to fly over any portion of the territory of Mexico? It meant that Mexicans feel about it just as we should in their places. The holding of their principal port by the armed power of an alien Government has been just as distressing to them, in the midst of their domestic convulsions, as would have been to Americans the seizure of New York by the British in the darkest days of our Civil War. That the occupation of Vera Cruz was declared to be only temporary made it endurable for the time being; but it has all along been a source of grief to the Mexican people, a hurt to their national pride; and its ending will no doubt cause something like a general jubilation. It ought also to cause the Mexicans to believe that the United States wishes to treat them with the utmost good faith and generosity. In this sense, the withdrawal from Vera Cruz is like a fine gesture of confidence. It is an appeal to the Mexicans of a sort which they would be truly dense if they did not appreciate. Our country is leaving Mexico alone to work out her immensely difficult problems. This does not mean that we have ceased to take interest in her, or that we shall be any the less watchful and even zealous in protecting American rights within her borders. But it does exhibit to the Mexicans, in a very striking way, the purpose of the President to live up to the assurances which he publicly gave when our troops went to Vera Cruz.

There is as yet no means of knowing whether President Wilson really intends to be present at executive sessions of the Senate. The mere rumor that he does has set the gossips at the Capitol in a flutter. They admit the President's right to attend the Senate's secret sessions, if he chooses—especially those dealing with nominations to office and treaties. Indeed, the Senate rules provide for this. Washington used sometimes to sit with the Senate, though his experience with it on one occasion led him to say, with profane emphasis, that he would never go there again. This was perhaps the time when, according to Maclay's "Sketches of Debate in the First Senate of the United States," the Father of his Country got very red in the face with anger. His successors have left the Senate to its own secrets—which are, as a rule, no secrets at all. President Wilson may be planning a reversion to Washington's example in this matter, as in the reading of his messages in person; but his visits to the Senate Chamber would even so be rare. In the nature of the case, he could not be expected to jump into an automobile and rush to the Capitol every time a Senator moved to go into executive session.

In both the eastern and western theatres of war, the news is bad for the Progressives. In Massachusetts, four Progressive candidates for Congress have announced their return to the party "that gave us a Lincoln, a Garfield, and a McKinley," the last of the four explaining his return by saying: "The smoke of battle has cleared away, and out of the conflict we have discovered the one fact, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'" The discovery had been made before, but it now takes a higher place than ever as the first principle of social justice. In Kansas, the *Emporia Gazette*, which from the beginning ought to have been put under strict censorship by the Progressive headquarters, prints in a conspicuous position a dispatch from Washington commencing: "It will be a new and chastened Republican party that will crowd the Democrats close for control of the next House of Representatives, and this despite the fact that many of the old reactionaries will be back in their former places." Cannonism, we are informed, "belongs as much to the past as if it had existed and flourished in some prior age, and the old representatives of the system will never again exert their former influence upon either the policies or the destinies of the Republican party." The only solace for this disconcerting change is that the Progressives

sives caused it. In the State that single-handed gave them almost half of their total electoral vote in 1912, however, their abhorrence of a divided house seems to have got the better of their hate of that extreme form of Cannonism known as Penroseism.

Campaign expenditures in the recent election vary as widely as household expenses. One candidate for the House of Representatives reports an outlay of \$6.15. At the other end of the line is Senator-elect Wadsworth, who confesses to an expenditure of \$20,000. In between comes Senator-elect Beckham, of Kentucky, who spent \$2,500, but had a campaign fund at his disposal of more than twice that. How shall we account for these differences in amounts spent? Offhand, one would be inclined to say that the large sums represent close contests, or contests thought to be close. But this hypothesis is not borne out by investigation. Senator Cummins had a hard fight on his hands, or everybody believed he had, yet he made no expenditures beyond his travelling expenses. To some extent, a suggestion made by the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* is doubtless true; this is that men of large means naturally spend lavishly, more lavishly than they need, simply because they can and because they wish to be quite sure of not losing on account of not using the particular kind of ammunition with which they are well supplied. Much depends also upon what people are accustomed to. In a night, apparently, we have become habituated to campaigns that, to a Hanna, would have seemed the depths of parsimony.

"Electoral fatigue" is the happy phrase of ex-Mayor Matthews of Boston, to apply to the revolt of voters against being asked to go to the polls so frequently. Something of this "tired feeling" must enter into the explanation of such a result as the rejection of all the ten Constitutional amendments submitted to the people of Wisconsin on November 3. The official figures are now published, and show the overwhelming nature of the defeat. By majorities ranging from 56,000 to 107,000 the Wisconsin electors showed that they would not accept La Follette's plans to round out the "Wisconsin idea" to perfection. The initiative and referendum, State insurance, the recall of elective officials, except judges, and the rest, all went down. All told, it is a blow to La Follette harder than his loss of a Governor and United States Senator. Of course, other causes contributed. In the general slump of

Progressive notions, Wisconsin was bound to share. But over and above this there must have been a pervasive weariness with forever tinkering with the laws and the Constitution.

If it be true that Gov. Ammons of Colorado and Governor-elect Carlson are working together upon a plan for restoring effective State government in the mining region, the news is most welcome. An investigating committee of the Legislature has appealed to the Governor to "prepare to accept for the people of this State the responsibility of again being a State," and has asked him to make it clear to the people that law and order must be preserved, even if it should become necessary to call every able-bodied man of military age into active service. Whatever view be taken of the rights and wrongs of the mine trouble, this fundamental duty of a civilized State is paramount to all other considerations. If the mine operators have violated requirements of the State laws, they should be compelled to observe them; but this compulsion must come in legal ways and not by armed violence or the threat of it. If public opinion in Colorado had, from the first, insisted on a strong assertion of the State's authority, and had demanded that whatever resources might be needed for this purpose should be furnished to the Governor and effectively used by him, the State would never have fallen into the condition which has so disgraced it.

The check which the Minnesota Minimum Wage act has received in being held unconstitutional by an inferior court is chiefly significant as showing how little the tribunals of one State are affected by the decisions of another. Minnesota has one of the mildest of the laws which were passed by seven States in 1913; Oregon has one of the most radical; yet six months after the Oregon law is held Constitutional, a judge declares the more cautious measure invalid. The act would have granted a board of commissioners power merely to fix the wages of all women and of all minors. No authority was given it over hours or conditions of work, although Massachusetts, by a law passed before 1913 and upheld in the Federal Supreme Court, has regulated both. Yet this is apparently thought to be beyond the police power of Minnesota. Appeal to the State Supreme Court will determine if the interpretation of such laws is really different in Oregon and in Minnesota.

With all the conventions that are held

from one year's end to the other, it seems strange that only now has the first conference of American Mayors been assembled. The problems of one city must be similar to those of many others. Conferences of State officials of various kinds have met in response to the feeling of need for information regarding the way in which tax questions, for instance, were being handled in other commonwealths. Municipal conventions of one sort and another have been held by permanent organizations. Yet the Mayors have gone their several ways without learning directly from one another how they were meeting their tasks. One reason for this lack has probably been the temporary character of the office. A city likes a new Mayor just as it likes a new pavement: the change is an indication of progress. A more powerful reason may be the very onerousness of the work of the Mayor's office. Many Governors have something like a vacation when the Legislature is not in session, but a Mayor's work is never done. We are a bit reluctant, too, to follow the lead of other places. Jealousy between towns has been a fruitful theme for jesting. Now we are to have a central bureau of information for the benefit of Mayors. Not the least valuable part of its work might be the collection of facts pertaining to European cities.

In the *Edinburgh Review's* most arrogant days, no one ever wrote, "Who goes to an American watering-place?" That was the period when Europeans patting our shaggy continent on the back did it by praising two resorts—Niagara Falls and Saratoga; when every travelling Englishman followed Sir William Johnson's example in seeking the latter spot; and when the best of American society was proud of Congress water and the little city that had the largest hotels in the world. The springs somehow came to be regarded as provincial—the result of what Lowell rebuked as American "tenderness" in advancing our own attractions, and of Germany's enterprise in advertising her numerous waters; but now the war brings hope of reviving their glories. The Commissioners of the State Reservations are already equipping a new bath-house, and drafting plans for another "large and elaborate establishment." This is significant to those who know how desirable the mere having a malady is to some people. No matter how little connection there may actually be between ill-health and going to foreign baths, certain people *must* complain, and, complaining, seek a health resort.

"BRITISH LIES" AND AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

It is, perhaps, not surprising that our German friends, chagrined or exasperated by the general tone of American opinion, are prone to persuade themselves that its explanation is to be found in the poisoning of the American mind by British falsehoods. There was a time when the charge of corruption by "British gold" was a favorite recourse of our own politicians whenever other ammunition ran short. The Cobden Club was, during many years, represented by the Republicans as supplying the sinews of war to the wicked Democrats who were trying to overthrow "the American system" of protection; and at a later period it was the Democrats who, in their turn, hurled at the Republicans the charge of having their war-chest replenished from Lombard Street, in their treasonable assault upon "the American system" of bimetalism. We say "the Republicans" and "the Democrats," but in reality there can have been only a very insignificant number of intelligent persons in either camp who really believed that anything of the kind was taking place; in the main, the whole thing was a bit of campaign stage-play. Men of sense knew that the story of "British gold," in either instance, was a myth, pure and simple.

The case is not quite the same in this matter of "British lies." The assertions we have referred to, the notions concerning the part that has been played by "British lies" in the formation of American opinion on the war, are put forward by Germans of the highest intelligence and of unquestionable sincerity and earnestness. Take such a letter as that of Prof. Paul Darmstaedter, of Göttingen, which appears in our columns this week. "I find," he says, speaking of the American press, "a good deal of wrong information, based on the infamous lies of the English press, and, of course, false conclusions drawn from false premises." And the professor declares his confident "trust that the opinions of many Americans will change when they are informed about these matters." All this, and the like said by other Germans, is undoubtedly the sincere expression of their conviction. Moreover, unlike the "British gold" charge, which was a pure figment of the imagination, it may at least be pleaded for this belief that it is not made out of absolutely nothing. There have, of course, been false statements sent to us from England, as there have from other countries; and it is a fact that the cutting of the German cable put Germany at a disadvantage—in spite of her use of the wire-

less—in the transmission of communications, either true or false. But neither communication of falsehoods from England nor suppression of truths from Germany has had any appreciable influence upon the formation of American opinion. The war is now in the second half of its fourth month, and we have yet to see, among all the voluminous statements of the German case, the exposure of a single "British lie" which had any part in determining the sentiment of the American people.

What *did* determine that sentiment it is easy enough to recognize. One has only to turn to what was said in representative American papers at the very beginning; what was said before there was any talk of atrocities and before the German cable was cut. Take this, from the "Summary of the News" in the *Nation* of July 30, covering events to the close of July 28:

It has been apparent from the first that Austria is determined to accept nothing less than a complete and humiliating submission on the part of Serbia, and that in this policy she has the support of Germany. . . . The danger, then, is that Russia, as the protector of the Slav states, may become involved, and if Russia, then the other Powers of the Triple Entente.

Does not the German "White Paper" confirm, and more than confirm, this view of Germany's responsibility for Austria's beligerent attitude? And in its leading editorial on August 6, the *Nation* said:

Germany, having grasped her sword, has proceeded to lay about her with a high hand. Her entrance into Luxemburg, her invasion of Belgium—both of which have had their neutralization solemnly guaranteed by the European Powers, Germany included—were the directest kind of challenge to England, and there was never any doubt as to how it would be answered. . . . If Germany could beat the armies of both Russia and France, with England remaining aloof, she would attain not only the hegemony of all Europe, but complete dominance. She would seize Belgium and Holland, and present a formidable front on the North Sea. By means of these latent threats, the Emperor William has, as it were, put himself in the position of the first Napoleon. If a coalition against his overweening pretensions did not exist, it would have to be invented.

Right or wrong, these judgments—as to the responsibility for the immediate bringing on of the war, and as to the nature of the international crime involved in the invasion of Belgium—were based upon the broadest and most patent considerations, and not in the least upon "British lies"; right or wrong, these same judgments were arrived at simultaneously by almost the whole American press; and right or wrong, no technical pleas concerning the exact date of mobilization, or other unessential details, can possibly break

them down. Nothing that the champions of Germany have brought forward lessens by a feather's weight the force of the two fundamental facts—her undeviating insistence on Austria's pound of flesh, which made peace impossible, and her violation of Belgium, which made England's participation in the war inevitable.

That the case is not so simple when the more remote—if you please, the deeper—causes of the war are examined, we do not deny. To determine the rightfulness or unrightfulness, the wisdom or the folly, of the policies of the various nations in the course of the last ten, or twenty, or forty years, is an undertaking which will tax the powers of the future historian. Most Germans sincerely believe that their country was the object of a hostile policy on the part of the Entente Powers, against which she was driven to protect herself by force of arms. Most non-Germans believe, with equal sincerity, that this is a gross exaggeration of the facts, and that in so far as it is true it is but the natural counterpart of the militarist spirit and militarist ambition which have been steadily acquiring, year after year, more and more complete dominance over the German nation. To strike a just balance in this large question is more than can be expected of even a neutral nation at a time when the world is in the throes of such an agony as is now upon us. Most men content themselves with a simpler judgment. Before the world war—so runs their thought—each side professed to desire that so tremendous a calamity might be averted; and accordingly that nation must be adjudged guilty which, while thus professing, conducted itself in such a manner as to make the averting of it impossible.

One word, in conclusion, on the subject of lies. We shall not undertake to institute a comparison between the amount or the kind of lying that may have been done on the English side and that on the German. But there is another element that enters into the case, and which, to our mind, is of far more serious concern. We refer to the question not of uttering falsehoods, but of believing them—not of mendacity, but of credulity. Professor Darmstaedter, for example, is quite sure that the charges of "German atrocities" are false—so sure that he will not even use the phrase without quotation marks; but he accepts without a moment's hesitation the German assertion that the acts so designated were fully justified by the conduct of the Belgians, who "behaved like beasts, and murdered and mutilated our

brave soldiers in a treacherous way." This, however, as wars go, is a minor matter; there are other instances far more important. He speaks of the "many lies" told about "the so-called breach of Belgian neutrality"; and he declares that "it is quite certain that France and England had the plan to attack Germany by way of Belgium." The assertion that the invasion of Belgium was no violation of treaty pledges may now, in spite of the German Chancellor's famous confession, have become orthodox doctrine in Germany; and the second assertion has, as a matter of fact, been made by the German Foreign Office. But in support of the first no argument has been offered that could stand a moment's examination; and in support of the second there has never been produced a shred of evidence. To believe everything that is said on your own side, while flinging broadcast charges of infamous lying on the other, is a deplorable state of mind—and a dangerous one. How devastating may be its moral effect, the insensate hatred of the English which is so lamentably general in Germany bears melancholy witness.

HOW WE "MUDDLED THROUGH."

"And the thing stood so," says President Wilson, in his recent letter to Secretary McAdoo, "until the Democrats came into power last year." The thing he refers to is a condition, in the economic life of the country, in which "suspicion and ill-will" were rife, in which "wrongs and misunderstandings" gave a bad tone to men's thoughts, in which "interests harshly clashed which should have cooperated." But now, with the tariff readjusted, with the new banking system put in operation, with the Trust laws revised, all this has become, or is fast becoming, a thing of the past; "the mists and distempers which have so embarrassed us will be cleared away," and "we shall advance, and advance together, with a new spirit."

Whether this contrast with our past, and portrayal of our present nappy state, goes beyond the reality or not, it is certainly a fact that a change of somewhat this nature has actually taken place. Some things of primary importance have been satisfactorily settled which were long the subject of what looked like almost hopeless controversy; and, apart from any such definite achievement, there is incomparably less of the spirit of antagonism between "big business" and the general public than there was some years ago. It would hardly be profitable to attempt to fix the exact degree of the change

that has taken place. What strikes us as more interesting is another question suggested by the President's remarks. When he says that "the thing stood so until the Democrats came into power last year," he apparently makes for the Democratic party a claim of altogether extraordinary and exclusive merit. The question therefore presents itself whether this is a fundamentally sound view of the case; whether, upon a judicial consideration of the history of the past twenty years, we are not bound to make different distribution of praise and blame all round.

We speak of twenty years, because, in its distinctive character, "the thing" of which President Wilson speaks dates from that outbreak of discontent in the country at large, and that deep cleavage within the Democratic party, which followed upon the panic of 1893. Out of this grew a political situation which caused our party divisions to take on very much the character of a conflict of classes; and for this development the free-silver agitation, as conducted under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, was chiefly responsible. It may be argued, with considerable plausibility, that he builded better than he knew. Capitalistic interests really were guilty of great abuses, and Mr. Bryan, it may be argued, though wrong in the particular matter that he took hold of, stirred up a sentiment which, however ignorant, was righteous. The fact is that half the country was wrought up to a pitch of something like frenzy over an imaginary "crime of 1873"; and under the influence of this delusion there grew up not only an altogether needless ill-feeling and misunderstanding, but the country was confronted with the immediate danger of a disastrous unsettlement of business, and an injury to its financial stability from which it could hardly have recovered for a generation.

Upon the Trust issue, the position of the Democratic party was far more sound; but even in this there has been much that is faulty. A great deal of the Democratic talk on Trusts has been of that kind which ignores realities, and seeks to settle a question of immense difficulty and complexity by the application of some simple dogma. When the Supreme Court, in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, found a way to make the Sherman law effective without making it an instrument of blind destruction, there was a great outcry from the rock-ribbed Democrats who had been preaching a holy war against monopoly. Even the Democratic platform of 1912 gave expression to this feeling. "The Sherman Anti-Trust law," it

declared, "has received a judicial construction depriving it of much of its efficacy"; quite ignoring the fact that it was precisely by interpreting the law in such a way as not to demand impossibilities that its practical efficacy had been vastly increased. The firmness with which the party adhered to the anti-monopoly idea, during all those years when consolidation seemed to be sweeping everything before it, and the "captains of industry" appeared to have become the idols of the nations, is most commendable; but there was in its attitude an element of crude dogmatism.

Now, if we have arrived at a condition approximately answering to President Wilson's description, this is because, partly through good sense, partly through good fortune, we have managed to make use of what was good in the attitude and purpose of the Democrats and to slough off that which was bad; we have steered a middle course between the complacent standpatism of the old-time Republican leaders and the cocksure reform attitude with which the name of Mr. Bryan used to be chiefly associated. We have followed neither the captains of industry nor the champions of the people. In the matter of currency and banking, the Democratic party, when it came into power, passed a measure as different as possible from anything it had thought of when it was the Opposition party, a measure largely embodying the results striven for by the Aldrich Commission. In one signal respect—Government control—it differed radically from what was contemplated by that Commission; but on the other hand, as finally passed, it was free from the fiat-money and unsound-credit notions which have been so rife in a considerable section of the Democratic party ever since the Civil War. Looking back over the whole story, one cannot but feel that in the struggle extremists on both sides have been driven to the wall. The credit for what has been attained is to be given not exclusively to any one party or set of men; and a large, perhaps the chief, share in it is to be assigned to the influence of sober and intelligent criticism not specially identified with any party or interest.

BRAZIL'S QUARTER CENTURY.

President Wilson's congratulations to Brazil upon the completion of twenty-five years under republican government had special reason for heartiness. If only all the South American republics, and especially the Central American, would conduct them-

selves as, upon the whole, the youngest of them has done! A conservative spirit was manifested in Brazil in the very act of declaring her independence of Portugal. In the other Latin-American countries, independence meant throwing off, not only allegiance to a European government, but the form of monarchy. As if to mark the fact of separation from political connection with the Old World, these New World governments adopted, on paper at least, a popular system of government. Independence and democracy, as in the great republic that had cut loose from England half a century earlier, came together. In Brazil, this was not the case. When, in 1821, the Court of Lisbon, jealous of the rising influence of the country that a few years before it had elevated to the rank of kingdom, abolished the principal courts and other public institutions of Rio de Janeiro, closed the schools, and ordered the King to return to Portugal, his son, Dom Pedro, far from allying himself with the home Government, issued a manifesto, declaring: "So long as measures are adopted having for their object the welfare of all and the happiness of the nation, tell the people that I will not absent myself."

He proceeded to form a Cabinet of lawyers from the provinces, accepted for himself and his successors the title of "Perpetual Defender of Brazil," and convoked a constitutional assembly. He had thus put himself at the head of the movement for independence, as rulers of greater fame have not always done. Nor did he waver from his purpose. When it was learned that Portugal was about to send over a strong military force, he issued another manifesto, exhorting the people of Brazil to unite and win complete self-government. He gave them as their and his battle-cry, "Independence or Death." In 1822 he was proclaimed Constitutional Emperor of Brazil; two years later, he granted a fairly liberal Constitution, not, however, as one historian remarks, "for actual use, but simply to gratify the desires of those who wanted it"; and in 1825 Portugal recognized the independence of Brazil. There had been little bloodshed. Moreover, the conflict that raged in most of the rest of Latin-America between the liberals on the one hand and the loyalists and the neutrals on the other had amounted to little in Brazil. Opinion had been substantially united upon the point of independence. There was less unity upon the kind of government that should follow independence. In part of the country, some sentiment in favor of a federal republic appeared. But the prestige of the monarchy was strong, naturally

enough, and, besides, it had already been made plain that stability and republican government were not usually associated in Latin-America.

If independence was won in a happy manner, democracy, or rather the abolition of the monarchy, came about very simply. It was in 1889. Another Dom Pedro sat on the throne. He had made a tour through Europe and the United States, and had been received upon his return with demonstrations of affection. Even the advocates of a republican form of government looked forward to his finishing his reign in peace. But there were extremists who argued that the change could be more easily brought about while he was on the throne, a confiding Emperor, than when it was occupied by his suspicious and energetic daughter. In this way, his very liberality proved his undoing. On the 14th of November, 1889, the palace was quietly surrounded, the next morning Dom Pedro and his family were placed on shipboard and sent to Portugal, and the United States of Brazil came into being. But the new republic was in reality a military despotism, and so remained for two years until 1891, when at length a national assembly convened and framed a Constitution. Brazil had entered the family of Western republics late, but she had entered it without a record of civil strife, dictatorships, and political unrest. The cynical might point out that it was not until she abandoned monarchy for democracy that such troubles befell her!

These troubles, however, were transitory, and Brazil has long held a place of honor among her neighbors. Her acts have not invariably been wise. In certain economic questions, particularly, she has shown a faith in the magic of a governmental fiat for which we, unfortunately, are estopped from criticising her. Yet it is her economic progress as much as anything else that has raised her to her position in the front rank of Latin-American states. In international politics, too, she holds no mean place. Her representatives are enlightened men, seizing every occasion to make use of arbitration rather than war. That they know much more about us than we know about them is not to our credit. Most Americans, even now, would be a bit surprised to hear that Brazil is as large as the United States, excluding Alaska, although she has only a fifth of our population. With such a history and such resources, she is evidently destined to play an increasingly important part in the politics of this hemisphere. For this destiny, we as well as the Brazilians, may be unaffectedly glad. It is of no little value that in our not always

smooth relations with the Governments to the south of us we may be able to say, "There stands Brazil! Go and do thou likewise."

EMBATTLED LITERARY FELLERS.

George Warrington, we know, had a low opinion of literary men in general. But he reserved his special wrath for writers who "sell their feelings for money." For that performance, "humbug" was not too strong a word, Warrington thought. What epithet he would have found for authors who for money sell their feelings, or their pretended feelings, about their country's imminent peril, we cannot guess. He might have drawn upon Capt. Costigan's vocabulary! But we think he would have agreed with one contention which we have heard put forward. This is that every literary man, high or low, Colonel or clown, who goes outside of his usual employments to write about the war—merely marketing his name, though he have no special competence—ought to turn over every penny that he is paid to the Belgians or some other victims of the war. To get advertising out of the awful calamity is repulsive enough. To coin money out of it is positively disgraceful.

This off our mind, we may go on more calmly to note some of the aspects of the literary rush to the fray. All must have noticed that the various warriors of the goose-quill are not of one opinion. A good part of their energy is devoted to refuting one another. Yet they always begin with a fine flourish of compliments—a sort of gallant salute before joining combat. Thus Shaw speaks handsomely of Wells before showing what a fool he is, and Bennett pays tribute to Shaw's infernal cleverness as a preliminary to exposing him as a trifier or a falsifier. There has been nothing just like this since the day when, according to the Oxford wit, "Stubbs buttered Freeman, Freeman buttered Stubbs." To this form of grace before meat, used by the battling knights of the pen—kind words about a fellow-author before rending him limb from limb—there is no great objection on the score of mere conventionality, but what does it do for the authority of the literary class? What for its sincerity and dignity? People will be tempted to put the whole thing away as merely one more squabble of the irritable genus.

Concerning the value of their contributions to the literature of the war, judged only by the test of good writing, notable testimony of a negative sort was borne the other day by Professor Sadler of Leeds University. Lecturing before the National Home Reading Union in London, he gave a list of

the memorable things that have been written or spoken during the war. And whom did he single out for mention? Our high-flying men of letters? Not one of them! His bestowal of the prize for literary merit was upon some of the British official dispatches—written in great haste though they were—upon a speech by Mr. Asquith, upon Kitchener's letter to the soldiers, and upon President Wilson's call to prayer for peace. And then this audacious professor of literature added insult to his neglect of the professional writers by affirming that some of the newspaper articles about the war had been of a high order. Think of that! Ranking mere journalistic hacks above the shining lights in the literary sky! After that, it does not surprise one to find Professor Sadler saying of most of the poetry occasioned by the war that it deserved no better fate than to be dismissed with a smile. He remarked that most of the poets who had broken out in verse reminded him of cooks doing rhymes by the kitchen fire when they ought to be getting dinner ready. This was said before Kipling's poem on Lord Roberts was published, but that production—as flat as the Flanders of its scene—could only lead him to make his assertion stronger. He might even recall Scott's unhappy poem about Waterloo, apropos of which it was said that of all who fell by shell or fell by shot, none fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

The whole affair lends itself to flippant treatment, but it has its serious side. A question of moral values, as well as literary, is involved. War too often silences human reason as well as laws; and in war-time every honest workman in letters ought to feel an especial obligation resting upon him to do nothing to confuse the popular mind or to add to the mass of credulity, already and inevitably large. In this aspect of the matter, what can be more reprehensible than for a man like Bernard Shaw to play his verbal tricks with the diplomatic documents of the war, showing either that he has not read them before writing about them, or that he is entirely willing to make of them a nose of wax for his handling? Or, take Mr. H. G. Wells's latest outburst. He declares that if the Germans ever reach England they will be "lynched." What he means is that the civilian population will fire upon them from every house. But, saying nothing about the laws of war in this connection, what is all this but to delude the people about what can really be done to resist a possible German invasion? The whole thing is without dignity and without sobriety. It is well enough to write in time of peace such a skit

as Matthew Arnold's "Friendship's Garland"; but a self-respecting literary man will take good heed lest, amid the vast upheavals of passion in days of war, he darken counsel by words without knowledge.

SEEING THE WHEELS GO ROUND.

Of the latest theatrical novelty, a play within a play, the critics have generally remarked that the main idea is not new. One may go as far back as Hamlet or Christopher Sly. The novelty of the present piece is in the thoroughness with which the old method has been applied. The writing of the imagined play constitutes the plot of the real one. The close manner in which the characters and incidents of the two are intertwined supplies the entertainment. There is an important distinction between the older method of putting a stage upon the stage and the modern purpose. In "The Taming of the Shrew" the device is employed to set the machinery of the main play in motion. In "Hamlet" the strolling players set up their stage in order to push forward the action of the principal story. In both instances the intention is to further the original scheme of illusion. But the newer intention is to destroy the illusion of the stage, to reveal the drama as so much copy turned out by a man who makes a living out of writing pieces for the theatre, and to reveal the actor as just an actor.

An example of a play that stands midway between the old and the new type is Arthur Schnitzler's "The Green Cockatoo," which was recently seen in New York in the original German and in a translation. The subject of "The Green Cockatoo" is the subject of "Pagliacci." In both the theme is the blending of the mummer and the man in one person, who is shown as acting in real life and living on the stage. The appeal is to the public's ancient interest in the human being behind the clown, the mountebank who laughs while his heart is aching. Much of the machinery of the theatre is exposed, but for a serious purpose. The interest is in the troubled soul beneath the motley. But in the modern play the interest is in the make-believe aching heart of the mummer. A fairly old example of this is the famous "Zaza," with its scene behind the scenes of a theatre. To the public are shown the mysteries of make-up, the thunder and rain-making machines, and the cynical weariness and disillusion of the actor.

The example set by "Zaza" has been followed until it attains its climax in Messrs.

Thomas and Hamilton's "The Big Idea." True, the primitive theatre knew very little of stage accessories and actors' trappings. Without the illusion of lights and distances, acting out his little story in a close circle of bystanders, the early actor nevertheless obtained his effects. Medieval audiences enjoyed their Mystery Plays none the less because Noah was the familiar Jock the tinsmith of every-day life, and Noah's wife was Wat, the apprentice boy. The fact is that footlights and the mysterious curtain have tended to create the idea of a barrier between actor and audience which does not really exist. The latest innovators in theatrical art have sought a deliberate return to the good-fellowship of the primitive theatre between actor and spectator. Max Reinhardt tried for Oriental atmosphere in "Sumurun" by having his actors walk upon the stage from the auditorium.

It is one thing, however, to say that an audience will not lose its enjoyment by being brought face to face with the machinery of the theatre; it is another to say that the enjoyment it derives has that peculiar quality which we associate with the highest effect of dramatic art. The spectator may laugh, but he will not be carried out of himself. He may be thrilled, but only in the way he is thrilled by a "death-defying" act at the circus. The rounded effect of the true play, in other words, illusion, he will not get. The critics are right in describing this new stagecraft as being in essence vaudeville. It consists in a rapid succession of effects, comic, serious, and unconnected. And there is the danger that, like cheap vaudeville, the abandonment of illusion will be carried to any point for the sake of the laugh obtained by the sudden incongruous emergence of the man from behind the actor.

It is a classic trick in vaudeville for the clog-dancer to stop suddenly and whisper to the audience that he really doesn't enjoy doing it, but that the man in the wings—pointing to the supposed manager—gives him five hundred dollars a week for doing it. The orchestra leader has become an indispensable factor in vaudeville humor. The lady in the upper right-hand box is important. The ushers do their share. This sudden bridging of the footlights is effective enough in vaudeville. It is effective enough for farce. But somehow one feels that the trick is illegitimate and rather cheap. It seems a somewhat desperate resort, this business of getting effects by "giving the show away."

Chronicle of the War

As the war proceeds the operations on the two fronts, west and east, are becoming more and more closely related. Interest during the past week has centred almost exclusively in the battle that has been under way in Poland. In France and Flanders the two lines of stone wall have remained virtually intact. There offensive and counter-offensive have resolved themselves almost into a double defensive. On the German side the important part played by artillery in the fighting has been particularly noticeable. The defence is maintained almost exclusively by artillery; offence is preceded by a heavy bombardment; the infantry advance under cover of the guns, and more often than not the final stages of the fight are settled by the bayonet, on which the Allies appear to put great reliance and with which they have been remarkably successful.

The German attacks in their effort to force a way to the cities of the coast have not ceased (there was violent fighting last week to the south and east of Ypres), but they have unquestionably slackened, and the general strategy in the west for the past two weeks has been defensive rather than offensive. There can hardly be a doubt that the explanation of this is that considerable numbers of troops have been taken from this front in order to reinforce the armies in the east, to roll back the threatened invasion of Silesia and Posen, and to undertake a second offensive into Poland. This being so, it might be imagined that Gen. Joffre would consider changing his strategy and adopting a general offensive. We have pointed out more than once in these columns the reasons that we may presume induce him to postpone offensive operations until the early spring, when the numbers of his troops will have been considerably augmented and the terrain will be in a condition more favorable to attack. But even granting the force of these considerations, it would appear on the face of it that the present offered a tempting opportunity to assume a general offensive and endeavor to drive the German armies out of the industrial and mining district of France, their occupation of which lessens appreciably the resources of the country. The Allies, we must presume, at the present moment considerably outnumber the German forces opposed to them, weakened as these have been by the sending of drafts to the eastern front; the pressure on the Russians has been severe and might have been considerably lessened by the adoption of a vigorous offensive by their allies in the west. Why, then, has Gen. Joffre not seized what has appeared to be a favorable opportunity, but has been content to remain on the defensive in his strongly intrenched positions?

The explanation, of course, may be, and very likely is, that even now he does not consider his numerical superiority sufficient to warrant an offensive against the almost impregnable labyrinth of trenches into which the Germans have dug themselves. He may, as we have suggested previously, be convinced that the policy of allowing the German forces to wear themselves out by their own momentum is still the wisest and surest. At the same time one cannot altogether resist

the suspicion that this strategy of delay, while entirely sound and calculated in the long run to secure victory, is not a wholly voluntary one. One recalls the warning uttered with amazing frankness by Senator Humbert only a few weeks before the war began as to the unpreparedness of France and the lack of equipment for her army. One knows, too, that when war broke out there was a serious shortage of uniforms and boots. It is not improbable, therefore, that a similar shortage was found in arms and ammunition and general equipment. The factories of the Allies have, we know, been working night and day since the war began turning out military stores and equipment, but these things do not spring forth as it were from an Aaron's rod, and, taking into consideration the enormous wastage of sixteen weeks of war, it is wholly probable that the deficiency has as yet by no means been made good. Gen. Joffre, therefore, has very possibly adopted a strategy that has been forced upon him by circumstances. In attack the expenditure of ammunition and the general wastage of equipment is necessarily enormously greater than in defence. The Germans, with their splendid organization and their avowed plan of strategy, were well prepared at the outset of the war with arms and equipment. The French were not, and Gen. Joffre must wait on the armament factories before he can safely assume the offensive.

The veil of censorship which shut down last week on the operations in Poland has been lifted somewhat, and there appears to be little doubt that the second German advance into Poland, in the direction of Warsaw, has been checked. Indications are that Gen. von Hindenburg has suffered a rather serious defeat. As we write we have only unofficial dispatches to go upon, supplemented by an Exchange Telegraph report of an official communication given out at Petrograd, which announces the retreat of the Germans between the Vistula and the Warthe, from the line running from Strykow to Zgierz, Szadek, Zdunskawola, and Wozniki. That reports of a Russian victory are accurate seems to be confirmed by an official communication from Berlin, which states that "in Poland the appearance of Russian reinforcements is postponing a decision of the battle." Unofficial reports credit the Russians with a decisive victory and the capture of large numbers of prisoners, and state that the Germans are in full retreat towards their own frontier.

We recorded last week the initiation of this new German offensive into Poland. After the rapid retreat from his first advance, which reached the suburbs of Warsaw on October 14, only to be swept back in ten days to the German border, Gen. von Hindenburg re-formed his army, collected reinforcements from East Prussia and from the western front, and by the second week in November was again ready to resume the offensive. The vanguard of the pursuing Russian army, pressing on, apparently overreached itself, was caught by the renewed advance of the Germans, and suffered the defeat which we mentioned last week in the neighborhood of Plock. The recoil of this defeat drove the Russians back again, across the Vistula, in the direction of Kutno, and to a line on the Bzura River, stretching from Lowicz in a southwesterly direction. Warsaw was ap-

parently again threatened, and German outposts are even reported to have penetrated to within thirty miles of the capital.

Meanwhile to the north and south the situation remained virtually unchanged. In East Prussia, Russian troops were well across the border, forming a thin fringe from the neighborhood of Gumbinnen (the capture of which was actually reported but has not been confirmed), southward to Lyck, and southwest to Soldau. In Galicia the Dunajec River had been reached, and in Southwest Poland the lines were drawn for a battle between Czenstochowo and Cracow, which is apparently still in progress as we write. The latter place was, therefore, threatened on two sides, from Poland and from Galicia. The plan of Gen. von Hindenburg's strategy was daring but perilous. Obviously his immediate objective was not, as in his previous advance, Warsaw. His design on this occasion was to drive a wedge into the Russian centre, inflict a defeat upon the army at that point, and then, before the beaten forces could recover themselves, to make a quick swing north or south. If the swing was to the north, he would attack the Russian army in East Prussia on its left flank, and would cut the railway from Warsaw to Mlawa; if to the south, he would cut the railway from Warsaw through Skludnewice and Piotrkow, and fall upon the rear of the Russian forces before Cracow.

The importance which was attached to the success of Gen. von Hindenburg's strategy is made evident by the comments upon it which have appeared in the German press while the battle was going on, but while no news of its progress was forthcoming. The battle was expected to result in a complete German victory, and the opinion was freely expressed that the success of Gen. von Hindenburg's plan would virtually decide the issue of the campaign in Russia. It would at any rate release a large number of troops for service on the western front and enable the German armies there to resume a vigorous offensive, perhaps—who knows?—even to undertake the long-cherished invasion of England. Yet the perils attending the strategy were obvious. For success it depended on the complete defeat of the army opposed to it. In case of failure it contemplated the risk of attack on either flank. Gen. von Hindenburg took a tremendous chance, and apparently the turn of the cards has gone against him. His position must now, if we accept the reports of his defeat, be by no means an enviable one. Nothing remains but a rapid retreat over the route that he has traversed in face of an army already twice victorious. The factor on which the German experts counted to harass the Russian forces in their retreat to the Bzura River—the impracticable Polish roads and the previous destruction of bridges and viaducts—will now hamper the German army. To those same Polish roads we may assume that the Germans, in large measure, owe their defeat, as they have doubtless deprived the army of the use of some of its most effective artillery. The large forty-two-centimetre guns can only follow the line of the railway, and so are out of the question in a campaign in a country like Poland, and even the six-inch howitzers, which are capable of horse or motor traction over the German highways, could hardly be transported over the indifferent Polish roads.

Foreign Correspondence

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG—"JACK" FISHER BACK AT THE HELM—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND THE KAISER—LADY ABERDEEN AND THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, November 6.

The cabal against Prince Louis of Battenberg, which led to his resignation of the post of First Sea Lord, is generally condemned. The intelligence of those who worked it may be gauged from the fact that they regarded the Prince as a German, whereas he is of mixed birth, his mother being a Pole. However, the assumption was geographically near enough. Regarded from the lowest plane of reasoning, it was foolish to suppose that he would conspire against the country to whose sovereign family he is linked by marriage ties and with whose fortunes his own are indissolubly bound. Not more than common people are princes disposed to quarrel with their bread and butter. The plot having succeeded, Prince Louis has felt bound to sacrifice a cherished salary of £1,500 a year, with a convenient residence in the new Admiralty buildings, on whose roof is limned against the sky a wireless telegraph apparatus which hourly communicates with the fleet in the North Sea or cruisers in more distant waters.

It would be idle to assert that had Prince Louis not been a connection of the royal family he would at the present national crisis have been found at a post whose incumbent virtually directs the business administration of the navy. Short of the exceptional capacity proper to that exalted rank, he is recognized by fellow officers who have worked with him as a capable and trustworthy commander. But his most uncompromising adulator would not compare him with Lord Fisher. There is no question that it is to this great seaman and administrator that the navy owes its present predominance afloat. Lord Fisher created the British navy of to-day, and it is only right that in time of war he should be at its head. His recall to the helm has been greeted with an outburst of national applause that must be gratifying and encouraging to the septuagenarian sailor.

Few men have lived a life of wider experience or fuller range of adventure than Lord Fisher. If he were disposed to imitate his sometime subaltern and unfortunately long-time dissevered friend, Lord Charles Beresford, and write his memoirs, it would be the book of the season. The publishers have persistently kept an eye on him. Two years ago one, chancing to hear that I was going to meet him at his son's country house in Norfolk, begged me to lay the project before him. I did as I was bidden. Lord Fisher shook his head, laughed, and proceeded to tell a new story that would have pleasantly filled up a chapter of the proposed book. Among his gifts he is a marvellous raconteur with an endless fund of stories. I have heard him rattle them out at the dinner table from Friday to Monday, and never caught him repeating himself.

The circumstances under which, upon advance to the peerage, he adopted the title "Lord Fisher of Kilverstone" are interesting and characteristic. When, sixty years ago, he was a midshipman, a gentleman named Vava-

sour visited his ship and interviewed the Captain with desire to interest him in a patent recently obtained for an improvement in naval gunnery. The Captain was unsympathetic, not to say skeptical. The midshipmite who chanced to be on duty in attendance, perceiving the value of the invention, boldly pointed it out. He was sharply reprovved for unseemly interference. But upon reflection the Captain, his eyes opened, saw the value of the new departure. He brought it under the notice of the authorities, and in the end it was adopted by the Admiralty. Messrs. Armstrong recognized its value, and offered to purchase the patent for a colossal sum. Mr. Vavasour stood out for a partnership in the great concern, had it conferred upon him, and retained it to the end of his life.

He never forgot the midshipmite who was the founder of his fortune. When Lord Fisher's son was born he became his godfather, bestowed upon him, among other things, his name, and when he died left him his seat in Norfolk with a big estate and a sum of money ear-marked to build a new mansion more in keeping with its many broad acres.

As appears in the interesting memoirs of Lord Charles Beresford just published, he, through all the years when he was in command, whether of a ship or a fleet, devoted his thoughts and his energies to bring them into fighting form in view of the possibility of war. The strange thing is that the enemies he anticipated were France and Russia, France in the first line of certainty. He never once mentioned Germany as a possible foe, a singular fact since during the last twelve years, when at mess tables and ward-rooms in the German army and navy the toast at the dinner table has nightly been "The Day" (meaning the opportunity of getting at the throat of the hated English, a luxury now enjoyed with fulness if not satisfaction), British officers on land or sea habitually talked of an inevitable war with Germany. Lord Charles was, indeed, a personal friend of the Kaiser, who sedulously paid him court. Whenever his Majesty found himself in contiguity with the breezy Admiral, he paid his ship a friendly visit and was received with almost servile welcome.

Lord Charles gives a graphic description of such a visit paid ten years ago, when he was stationed at Gibraltar in command of the Mediterranean fleet. When the Kaiser came aboard for dinner, his flag as honorary admiral in the Royal Navy was hoisted on the British battleship. Passing from the Imperial yacht to Lord Charles's flagship the Imperial pinnace steamed between the boats of the fleet, which formed a passage. Every boat burned a blue light. All oars were tossed in perfect silence, the midshipmen conveying their orders by signs. "After dinner," says Lord Charles, "when it fell to me to propose his Majesty's health, I stood up, glass in hand. As I said the words 'Emperor of Germany' a rocket went up from the deck above, and at the signal every ship in the fleet fired a royal salute." As the Emperor was leaving, the German flag and the Union Jack were hoisted on the rock, half the searchlights of the fleet being turned on one flag and half on the other.

English society in Ireland, which, as a not unfamiliar indication of exclusive loyalty, has systematically boycotted the wife of the representative of the sovereign, is just now excessively indignant with Lady Aberdeen. Certain journals have published in facsimile a letter Lady Aberdeen is alleged to have ad-

ressed to the editor of *Freeman's Journal*, in which the following sentence occurs: "I am afraid there is a bit of a plot among the Unionists to capture the Red Cross Society in Ireland and to run it in such a way from London and through county lieutenants and deputy-lieutenants that it will be unacceptable to the Irish Volunteers' people." Shocked at this suggestion, the Committee of the County Dublin branch of the Red Cross Society wrote calling her Ladyship's attention to the matter. As they justly said, the writer of the letter was made to appear as charging a body of Irishmen and Irish women with seizing the occasion of a great public calamity to use for political purposes a charitable institution supported by public subscription. Lady Aberdeen has in the circumstances declined to be drawn into controversy on the subject, turning with renewed zest to pursuit of those good offices among the Irish people which have endeared her to them in degrees hitherto unknown by a denizen of Dublin Castle.

ITALY'S FUTURE ACTION—THE SALANDRA CABINET BEFORE ITS RECONSTRUCTION—PUBLIC SENTIMENT AND THE GOVERNMENT.

ROME, October 29.

The Italian Government is to-day in the hands of a strong Prime Minister, Salandra, who, though in office but a short time, has won, up to a certain point, the confidence of the majority of the country. But this confidence has a time limit, and it will go hard with him, as the weeks and months pass, if the people are not more fully convinced that at the close of the great conflict Italy's place in Europe will be one of increased dignity and respect. The colonial war in Tripolitania depleted Italy's military stores, and at the outbreak of the present war the army magazines were empty. In the past three months, however, enormous military preparations have been made, and in January the Italian army will be in a state of efficiency. The Terni works alone are manufacturing a thousand rifles a day; a field battery of the new Italian type, *Deport*, said to be superior even to the French *petit cigare*, is turned out every ten days; shiploads of army shoes and clothing have been imported from the United States; within a short time Italy will have spent seven hundred million francs in urgent military preparations. Will it be possible for the Government to go before Parliament and the people to ask for the approval of such an expenditure, which for Italy is enormous, for the simple purpose of remaining inactive and permanently neutral? If not, it is to be borne in mind that for Italy war to-day has one, and only one, meaning—war against Austria.

In a recent article upon Italian neutrality published in the *Nuova Antologia* of Rome, and signed "An ex-Diplomat," it is emphatically stated that the present European war has not arisen from a necessity for Germany and Austria to defend themselves against aggression, and that the provisions of the Triple Alliance requiring Italy to render them assistance are therefore not operative. Furthermore, Austria's fatal note to Serbia was communicated to Italy only when it was given out to the press of Europe; in this action, which was the immediate cause of the war, Italy was disregarded by her confederates of the Triple Alliance, who afterwards hastened to demand her aid. The writer declares that in consequence Italy is "free from every obligation,"

and can act to-day "exclusively from the Italian point of view." Salandra, in reply to men who have asked him for a statement of his policy, has referred them to this same article in the *Nuova Antologia* as expressing his opinions.

The Salandra Cabinet is not, however, itself united in its view of Italy's future action. Rubini, Minister of the Treasury, is known to be stubbornly opposed to war, and his resignation, concerning which there have already been rumors, would be regarded outside as a step in advance towards Italy's participation in the European conflict. San Giuliano, Minister of Foreign Affairs, worked in harmony with his colleagues in the Cabinet because all had agreed that in view of the want of preparation in the army neutrality was the only possible policy for the first months. But as San Giuliano was the Minister who signed the last renewal of the Triple Alliance, it would have been harder for him than it would be for a new man to take diplomatic action now leading to war against Austria. His death on October 16 certainly removed one of the obstacles to Italy's abandonment of neutrality, and there is good reason for the belief that his successor, when Salandra gives up the *ad interim* tenure of the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, must be satisfactory to those in the Cabinet who want war—otherwise, and this is quite possible, the Government will fall. The weakness of Salandra's position lies in the mongrel character of his Cabinet. He is himself of the Conservative Centre, but in order to command a majority in Parliament he was obliged, in the formation of his Ministry, to ask the coöperation of the Radical Left (exclusive of the Socialists), which is represented in the Cabinet by Martini and Ciuffelli. Now the Radicals and Republicans have declared openly for war.

To those who oppose war with arguments based upon "the Slav peril," the Radicals reply that the Slav peril is quite as great for the rest of Europe as for Italy, and that it is a distant peril, if indeed a peril at all; whereas the German peril is immediate. The cost of war is the strongest argument of those opposed to it. Some, but not all, of the larger financial interests are working against it. Many merchants in Milan are its opponents because they are making fortunes by importing contraband of war into Italy in their own names, and then evading Italy's prohibition of export by declaring the cargoes in *transit* in the port of Genoa, and carrying them through into Germany. But the country at large is moved by more patriotic motives and by considerations of future national interests; it thinks, moreover, of the unredeemed Italian provinces still under the yoke of Austria—Trieste and the Trentino—and is impatient to free these enslaved Italians from foreign tyranny. The Hungarian manager of extensive estates in Austria wrote not long ago to their foreign proprietor stating that 2,700 citizens had been recently hanged or shot by the Austrian Government in the province. "Quiet subsequently reigned." A similar state of terror exists in Austria's Italian provinces, and patriots in Italy hear there to-day a "cry of anguish" identical to that raised by the Lombardo-Venetian provinces subject to Austria in 1859. The peace which follows the war will endure, it may be hoped, for a half-century. If the unredeemed Italian provinces do not become Italian now, it is not improbable that they will be lost forever. X.

The Altman Collection

By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

The Altman collection, which was opened last week at the Metropolitan Museum, is so much the most important gift ever made to an American museum that one is tempted to write of it in superlatives. Yet importance is relative, and one is fain to ask if the Marquand pictures were not a greater accession in their day, and whether, if reassembled, they would not pretty well hold their own with the Altman group. Certainly there is nothing in the Altman collection to compare with the Marquand Vermeer, the Halses, the Van Dyck. The two Marquand Rembrandts would hold their own very well beside the newcomers, but the Altman group of thirteen examples—of which ten should be genuine—is comprehensive, and in two women's portraits contains two very great masterpieces. The two Altman Holbeins are invaluable accessions, for the Museum contained only one early and not very representative example. The Altman Ruysdael is incomparable, so is the early Velasquez, Christ at Emmaus. The Francia portrait of A Gonzaga Boy is the freshest and most joyous thing imaginable. Antonello da Messina's portrait of a youth is of amazing saliency and vivacity. The late Botticelli, The Last Communion of St. Jerome, is as poignant as anything that has come from the master's late and tragic years. The Giorgione portrait is full of fire and restrained pathos, and of utmost delicacy as painting. The Mantegna is instinct with religious austerity, and has tones as of old jade and sardonyx. Thus we have perhaps eight or nine pictures of highest merit in their class, as the unchallengeable benefit of the gift. The Marquand gift had about four of this merit. Extending the view from pure quality to historical importance, such accessions as the Gerard David miniature, Christ Taking Leave of His Mother, the Dürer Virgin with St. Anne, the fantastic Van Orley, the four panels rather hopefully ascribed to Memling, the Vermeer, and Rembrandt's Bathsheba, The Man with the Magnifying Glass, and The Auctioneer, are pictures both delightful and important. Of the fifty pictures about one-third are masterpieces, or nearly that. Surely, few collectors can claim a better ratio of hits, few museums even.

Yet the misses are also rather appalling. And as one wanders through the gallery the conviction grows that there is no wall of pictures so harmonious and uniformly fine as the best cases of Chinese porcelain and cut crystal. Perhaps this is in the nature of things, but Mr. Altman seems never to have acquired the same intimate knowledge of pictures that he had of objects of art. He sought for the best, took the highest professional advice, which alternately served him well and ill. Thus the pictures have nothing personal about them as a group, but represent a working consensus of opinion of deal-

ers and experts which does not do unqualified credit to either class of humanity.

I do not wish to dwell on the reverses of a great and generally successful enterprise. Yet the failures are instructive. All the Halses are of the most superficial quality, and represent him near his worst. The Merry Company is one of the ugliest pictures in the world. It is a comfort to suspect with many critics that it is a modern forgery from the similar Dirk Hals in the Louvre. If the flimsy and over-sentimentalized Pilate and the big, dry head of Hendrickje are by Rembrandt, then, to speak Baconianly, some other man must have painted most of his pictures. And why, again, does a harmless little Lombard panel masquerade as a Filippino Lippi? With the Memlings the case is better; for they are all admirable pictures. The Madonna is of jewel-like blitheness of color, a schoolpiece of enticing quality. The amiable man from the Oppenheim collection surely was not painted in Memling's century, and may well be German. The two Portinari portraits are so fine that no one will quarrel violently with the attribution, which, however, has little to commend it. Karl Voll relegates all four panels to the doubtful list, and there they belong. The Fra Angelico Crucifixion is an impressive echo of his great fresco at St. Marco, but the work seems that of a merely competent scholar.

In the field of Italian sculpture, such gracious masterpieces as the Donatello and the Luca della Robbia Madonna immediately discredit a marble head of about the stolid competence of Bregno, which carries Verrocchio's great name. As for the stucco version of the Bargello Youthful John in sandstone—variously ascribed to Donatello and Desiderio—the antiquity of the Altman example would take a lot of proving. Such rather summary eliminations are necessary before enjoying unqualified masterpieces. Three pictures seem to me of highest value. First, the early Velasquez, Christ at Emmaus. The Spanish master, through sheer probity and rightness of feeling, has done admirably what has been essayed disastrously a thousand times: told a Bible story successfully as a local and contemporary event. How would the revelation at Emmaus have looked in an Andalusian inn? That is the simple theme. The Christ intent on the act breaks bread, a young disciple starts forward with amazed joy, a weather-beaten old disciple gradually and perplexedly grasps the great fact. The very externality of it, the absence of formal pathos, constitutes a sort of nobility. There never was greater fidelity to honest appearance, and honest appearance is enough. The painting is of steel-like perfection, the whole effect extraordinarily alert, yet sober and masculine. It is the high exemplar of this sort of Spanish realism, the realism one knows best in Zurbaran.

Two fine late Rembrandts, The Auctioneer and The Man with the Magnifying Glass, Dr. Valentiner has lately identified as portraits of Rembrandt's son Titus. This seems very doubtful to me, for Titus died short of thir-

ty, while these two men, obviously two, and neither like the famous youthful Titus, are palpably middle-aged. It is more important to note that they are both fine interpretations. Rembrandt's portrait of himself seems the ruthless record of a black moment of self-contempt. It is as if he had faced the worst that could be seen or said of his premature decrepitude. The look is harassed and peevish. As a document it is valuable, yet it insists on something one would rather have inferred. It qualifies in a pathetic sense the heroic effigies in the Louvre and in the Frick collection. I doubt if the little Bathsheba quite deserves the eulogistic rhetoric that has been lavished upon her. To be sure, the painting of the central group is exquisite, the revelation of wholesome nude forms in the gloom alluring. There is an undeniable homely faery quality about the thing; it evokes legend. But the group is rather carelessly lost in the space, the accessories are a bit distracting, the indications of distance sleek, thin as painting. There is just a tinge of staginess about it, and one cannot but compare it disadvantageously either with the marvellous Bathsheba of the Louvre or the pearl-like Finding of Moses in the Johnson collection. The portrait of young Titus seems wafted or caressed on to the canvas rather than painted. Its tenderness is almost oversweet.

Of all the Rembrandts the two most remarkable are two portraits of old women, one painted in 1635, the other in 1658. They are masterpieces, respectively, of analytical and synthetic painting. In the earlier portrait all the surfaces are minutely charted and reproduced. Except for the subordination of the costume, the method is minutely topographical. It is amazing that the initial sympathy and curiosity could be maintained through so laborious a process. But that is the magic of all primitive artists, and Rembrandt in this work is a primitive. Nothing but belief in his subject-matter will carry an artist safely through these cumulative labors, and Rembrandt plainly did believe in this fine old dame, self-controlled, wistfully, bravely facing the ordeal of decline. The thing is perfect in character and faultless in painting, in spite of over-cleaning, lovely in its contrast of live blacks with creamy whites. It makes some of the later Rembrandts on the walls, with all their *maitrise* and emphasized pathos, look just a little theatrical and slovenly. But the later method finds its brilliant warrant in spectral vision, called The Old Woman Cutting Her Nails. It might equally as well have been named, as Dr. Valentiner genially hints, The Cumean Sibyl. How what Maes would have prudently treated on small scale as a genre subject, Rembrandt boldly treats at full scale and with heroic effect, is one of the mysteries. To solve it would be to lay bare the harassed, heroic soul of Rembrandt himself, yet the symbols of what makes an epic figure of this old woman engrossed in a sordid necessary task are plain enough on the canvas.

We have simply so many strong accents, with complete disregard of the specific forms and textures of the smaller surfaces. The thing is reduced to a few large surfaces, if indeed we may apply so static a word to what are quivering dynamic indications of pits that hold shadow and bosses that reflect light. The figure has been reconstructed with a new and personal scale of emphasis. No detail is copied, nothing has value or meaning except in the particular relations conceived for this canvas. The work is not a charting, as in the earlier picture, but a symbolism for something deeply felt and seen chiefly with the inner eye. The old lady of 1635 is, one might say, modelled from the front by the spectator's eye, that goes back along her forms and verifies them; the old lady of 1658 is modelled from behind by the light-impregnated air that comes forward and envelops her. She exists as a vision, and her forms require no verification. Her impressiveness is due largely to the sparseness and emphasis of the method and the concentration of the effect, the poetry is not extraneous or communicable in words, but in the very nature of the vision. I must not labor a very old distinction. Yet a study of these pictures will make vivid certain fundamental truths in artistic expression no less important to be realized because they are old and ticketed truths. It is instructive to see exemplified in the work of a single master the rightness of both methods. It is also encouraging for the future of the synthetic method to see so magnificent a success at its very beginnings. Nor need we stress the obvious fact that the case of Rembrandt shows that to attain synthesis otherwise than through a severe preliminary analysis is the hope of a fool and the programme of a charlatan. If *Rembrandt als Erzieher* means anything, it means this.

Any adequate review of the collection would require several articles. I may now only remark the general high quality of the porcelains. The cases of ox-blood, green, and white are a joy for well-assembled beauties of tone and form. Generally, the installation of the collections is excellent, though the eighteenth-century French sculptures, Houdon, Pigalle, Clodion, and Falconnet, live very ill with the Rembrandts in the large gallery. It is draped in the green velour taken from the Altman house, and thus pleasantly recalls a past that many were sorry to see terminated. Yet it must be admitted that almost without exception the pictures gain from the truer and more abundant light they now have. Of the five galleries the most harmonious is perhaps that in which against deep blue hangings are set the Italian marbles and bronzes, with a few fine bits of majolica and pieces of Renaissance furniture, not to mention precious Eastern rugs and early Brussels tapestry. It is a place that invites to the solace of quiet inspection. More ingenious is the assembling, against a common background of warm mouse color, of the Primitives and seventeenth-century portraits. The hazard is justified by the re-

sults, but I doubt if this glorified "limousine" effect, which for the moment is piquant, will wear well.

On the crystals, enamels, and goldsmiths' work of the Renaissance, including the sumptuous Rospigliosi coupe by Benvenuto Cellini, there would be an entire article to write, but the reader is best referred to the excellent illustrated handbook issued by the Museum.

Through the acquisition of the Altman pictures the Metropolitan more than doubles its resources, if the reckoning be made by great pictures. For the first time it approximates the richness of the famous European galleries. It now has to be reckoned with, if not like Paris, Florence, Madrid, London, Berlin, or even Venice and Milan, at least like Kassel or Budapest. This may seem a modest claim, but, without Mr. Altman's generosity, in the present condition of the picture market, it would have taken a generation for the Metropolitan Museum to reach such a position.

Book Notes and Byways

THE SUPPRESSED LEAVES OF HAKLUYT'S "PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS."

I suspect that few persons in our day pore over the black-letter folios (or for that matter, the modern reprints) of that prince of documentary historians, Richard Hakluyt. Nevertheless, the perusal of Hakluyt is a diverting business, affording both delight and profit. And though few besides the scholar may read his books, there are fortunately still some who collect them. A bibliographical note, therefore, on the London, 1599-1600, edition of that noble collection, "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation," the third (or American) volume of which is one of the foundation stones of our history, will perhaps be of some interest.

The issue of 1599 is the counterpart, page for page, of the edition of 1598, except that from the title-page of Volume I all reference to the "famous victorie achieved at the citie of Cadiz" is omitted. The account of this exploit occupies pages 607-619 of the 1598 edition; but owing to the disgrace of the Earl of Essex, in 1599, these leaves were suppressed by order of Queen Elizabeth, and the title-page changed. The disgrace of Essex swiftly followed his memorable quarrel with the amiable Elizabeth, who, it is said, slapped the Earl's face.

At a later time, the leaves on Cadiz were reprinted, and are to be found in many copies of the 1599 edition of "The Principal Navigations." In his elaborate and very thorough "Catalogue of Books relating to the Discovery and Early History of North and South America" (forming a part of the library of E. D. Church), Mr. George Watson Cole describes three distinct issues of the voyage to Cadiz, but appears to have been unaware of the fact that two of these are in reality merely reprints, published more than a century and three-quarters after the original. Issue No. 2, as described by Mr. Cole, is printed on paper which bears a watermark dated 1790, and Issue No. 3 was probably reprinted about 1778. Mr. Henry N. Stevens, of London, informs me that,

some years ago, there came into the possession of his firm a copy of this so-called third issue on which was written, in a contemporary hand, "From a London catalogue 1778 2sh. 6d." Thus it will be seen that there are not three states of the Cadiz leaves, two being reprints and nothing more.

The suppressed leaves now and then appear in facsimile, but I should say that the reprints are superior and more to be desired. My own copy of this edition of "the prose epic of the modern English nation" contains the account of the voyage to Cadiz reprinted, as there is reason to believe, about 1778.

It is perhaps worth while to add a word concerning the famous map of the world by Emmerle Molineaux, "finished about 1600," and designed to accompany Hakluyt's work. It bears two inscriptions, of which one is, in part, as follows: "Thou hast here (gentle reader) a true hydrographical description of so much of the world as hath been hitherto discovered, and is come to our knowledge." The rarity of this map—a copperplate measuring 25½ by 16½ inches—is so great that only thirteen copies were traced by Mr. Cole. A copy of Hakluyt containing the original Molineaux map realized £375, in 1894, and another was purchased by Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, London, in 1897, for £275. An excellent facsimile is available, and collectors should not fail to have it inserted in their copies of the 1599-1600 edition of "The Principal Navigations." Capt. A. H. Markham, in his edition of "The Voyages and Works of John Davis, the Navigator" (London, MDCCLXXX), advances reasons for suspecting that this map is the work of Edward Wright, a well-known mathematician; and Mr. Cole styles it "The so-called Molineaux-Wright map."

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Madison, Wis.

Correspondence

THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a subscriber to the *Nation* for many years, I beg you to insert some lines in your paper, not to gain the sympathy for our cause, but to state the justice of our standpoint. I have entirely missed in your journal, and also in other American papers, an impartial discussion of the causes of the present war; I find a good deal of wrong information, based on the infamous lies of the English press, and, of course, false conclusions drawn from false premises. Allow me simply to state some facts which were obvious some months ago, and which are now quite forgotten.

The present war originated in the Servian conflict: Austria could no longer tolerate the dangerous agitation in her southern provinces, and Russia found it necessary to protect that kingdom of criminals by force of arms. The mobilization of the Russian army was the signal for the general war, a fact that cannot be denied. But the Servian question was only the occasion that led to the war; the real causes, and, of course, the real responsibilities for the war must be found in the policy of the different states in the last years. You cannot deny that Germany and Austria have constantly worked for the preservation of peace, even at the cost of their own interests. Germany did not profit by the

South African war, nor by the Russo-Japanese war, to settle her controversies with England and Russia; Austria kept peace in the time of the Balkan wars and sacrificed great interests to the cause of the European peace. Germany renounced Morocco for the preservation of peace. The German and the Austrian Governments have done all for that cause; they have never had any aggressive tendencies against other nations.

The case is quite different with the Powers of the Entente. Russia, as her prominent writers and statesmen have asserted,* aims at the occupation of Constantinople and at the union of all the Slavonic peoples under the sceptre of the Czar. These aims are absolutely inconsistent with the vital interests of Austria and also of Germany. There you have one real cause underlying the present war. The other one is the desire shared by the majority of the French nation to regain their provinces lost in 1871. This desire was the leading motive of the French policy. And England? Why did England join France and Russia, neglecting, at the same time, very important interests of hers? For the cause of peace? England assured France and Russia of her assistance with the purpose of destroying the German navy, German industry, and German commerce. The Entente, from the beginning, aimed at the very destruction of the Empires of Germany and Austria. By the policy of the Entente Europe was for many years in a constant fear of war. It is a fact that Russia began her mobilization in the spring of this year, and it was told in your own paper that England had made ready for war at the same time. The Servian affair was, as you see, not the real cause of the war; the cause of the war must be found in the aggressive policy of the Entente.

You see by the statement of these simple facts that it is a fable to say that England was going to war for the cause of Belgian neutrality. It is quite certain that France and England had the plan to attack Germany by way of Belgium, and that the Belgian Government had—even before the outbreak of the war—adhered to the Entente. French soldiers were seen in Belgium before the Germans entered the country. Belgium was not a neutral country. Belgium was, before the war, on the side of the Entente. Many lies have been told by our adversaries about the so-called "breach of the Belgian neutrality"; more lies have been told about "German atrocities" committed in Belgium. I suppose that you are now informed about the circumstances under which these so-called "atrocities" were committed: how the Belgians behaved like beasts and murdered and mutilated our brave soldiers in a treacherous way. I hope that you are now informed, likewise, about the Russian atrocities committed in the province of Eastern Prussia, and that you have protested against these barbarous atrocities, not in the least justified by anything. I hope that you have protested, or that you will protest, against the sending of savages of Africa and Asia by the French and the English, who fight "for civilization" with the aid of negroes and Indians!

I confidently trust that the opinions of many Americans will change when they are informed about these matters. It is not my task to tell where American interests lie in

*Read the illuminating article of Professor Mitrofanov in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* of June, 1914. The statements of that Russian professor will convince you of the aims of the "peace-loving" Russians.

the European conflict, but I wish to state some facts relating to this question. To be sure, the United States is interested in the integrity of China and in the maintenance of the open door in this vast region. Germany has the same interests, but what are the interests of Japan and Russia? Some foolish writers have asserted that Germany has had the intention to violate the Monroe Doctrine; it is sure that Germany has never tried to do so, and that Germany does not own an inch of territory in the New World. Our interests in the Western Hemisphere are purely commercial.

The case is quite different with France, and especially with Great Britain. England is, with the United States, by far the greatest Power of the New World, has many possessions and many interests in America, which are not always identical with the interests of the United States. I know very well that the relations of the two "Anglo-Saxon Powers" have been very good in the last years, but who can guarantee that they will be so in the future? The relations of Germany and England were intimate twenty years ago, and it is not more than twenty years since France and England and England and the United States were on the edge of war. Is the absolute hegemony of the English sea-power really in the interest of the United States? And is the hegemony of Russia on the Continent of Europe and Asia consistent with the supreme interests of the United States? Americans may answer these questions for themselves. You will probably tell me that you, also, fear a hegemony of Germany on the European Continent, and perhaps also on the sea. But I think reasonable people will see at once that such hegemony is an utter impossibility. Germany wants to preserve her independence and integrity, Germany wants to be assured against the attacks of envious Powers, but she does not claim the hegemony on the sea, like England, or even the hegemony on the European Continent.

At this moment I receive the *Nation* of September 17, with the excellent article of "Vernon Lee." If many persons in England were so fair as "Vernon Lee," an understanding between the two nations would be possible. There is only one error: Happily there is no danger of famine or starvation in Germany. In the last years Germany has become a rye-exporting country, and in this year our harvest was exceptionally good. I admire the article of "J. H. W." for its florid fantasy. How can a reasonable person think that there is a possibility of reducing Russia or England "to the negligible military status which Spain now occupies"? And how can a reasonable person assert that Germany would attack the United States? We see, with deep regret, that many Americans have such a misconception of the character of the German nation. The Germans are a peaceful nation, who want to live in friendship with the whole world, and cherish especially the friendship of the United States. It is, likewise, an utter misconception to speak of the rule of a "military caste" or a "military despotism" in Germany. Germany is a free country, like England and France; the rule of a military caste and despotism you may find in Russia, but not in Germany. Germany wants, of course, a strong army for her self-defence. The whole German nation, without exception, is quite united in this moment to defend herself. There are no differences of party, rank,

or creed; the Germans are, as they never have been before, "a united nation of brethren."

PAUL DARMSTAEDTER.

Göttingen, Germany, October 11.

THE ETHICS OF NEUTRALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Suppose that one of the belligerent Powers decided as follows: *Every prisoner to be henceforth burnt alive.* Of course, neutrals would protest against such wanton cruelty; but would they think themselves bound by neutrality to do nothing else? I hardly believe that. They would, I hope, send warning to the barbarian, forbidding him to burn his captives and menacing him, in case he did so, with some severe measures of retaliation, such as seizure of ships and goods, imprisonment of his citizens, etc.

I have chosen an extreme case which appeals to everybody. But what about bomb-throwing from airships on undefended towns, useless killing of women and children? Must neutrals look on at such horrors and be content to pray that they will come to a speedy end? I think that in the wicked game which is war fair play can and must be enforced, and I am sure that the enforcement of that *minimum* of humanity means observing the ethics of neutrality.

S. REINACH.

Paris, November 5.

EARL ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death, under romantic circumstances, of England's most popular soldier has inevitably brought forth a vast crop of biographical and historical reminiscence, but, curiously enough, of all those I have read, not one has succeeded in suggesting even remotely the real personality of the man. That he was an able soldier, a born leader of men, careless of his life, earnest and sincere, all these things we have heard. But the soldier in Roberts was but a small part, perhaps the least important of the whole. He was emphatically one of those men who are greatest because of the woman that is in them, and by "woman" I mean that he possessed just those qualities of intuition, understanding, and sympathy which are usually regarded as the highest feminine attributes.

In the twentieth century, Roberts for all his intense life, which never flickered even to the last, was something of an anachronism. In the outer virtues he was emphatically a Victorian; in soul he belonged to an age which perhaps never existed, but which has come down to us as the age of chivalry. Sir Galahad and Sir Guy, of Warwick, or, more historically speaking, Bayard and the Cid Campeador, are chiefly admirable, the former because they never existed, the latter because only the unreal parts of their lives have probably come down to us. Bayard was, very likely, in private life a bloodthirsty scoundrel of unpleasant habits—he almost had to be, considering the age in which he lived. He had certain conceptions of military conventions which appealed to his contemporaries, and the merciful fogs of history have done the rest. But Roberts, who lived among us as one of us, did actually strive to live the life of the "chevalier sans peur and sans reproche" and succeeded as well as it is given any man to succeed.

In history he will no doubt live as the great captain of Afghanistan, of South Africa, and a hundred other campaigns, almost as the central point round which revolved half a century of British military history. To those who knew him, however slightly, he will rather be remembered as the little, tender-hearted man-woman, with the kind eyes that understood. I can vouch for at least one unhappy little infantry subaltern of Territorials whom in half a dozen sentences, and without saying anything in particular, he rescued from a position of the most painful mortification—he had clubbed his half-company in the very presence of the great ones of the army. And there is a private from the same battalion who, I think, must have shed tears when he heard that "Bobs" was dead, because Bobs once spoke to him, as he would very proudly recall, "just like it might be you nor me." It was a drab little Cockney life, and any kindness from those in high places would no doubt be remembered as marking an epoch. But it could not have gained a real devotion so easily. That was "Bobs's" secret—or the secret of his eyes.

I never saw Lord Roberts until his fighting days were over, in the field. But he was just as truly the V. C.-deserving lad when his body had reached its eighties. And his all-embracing sympathy, especially for those less fortunately placed, remained with him. Especially was this shown in his attitude towards those reporters, ushers, and doorkeepers with whom he came into fortuitous association when "stumping the country" in his later years. I am not sure that in his last campaign, wherein he sought to arouse England to the danger of her unpreparedness, it did not actually militate against his success. You may defeat a rival general in the field without hating him; you are indeed more likely to win if your passions do not run away with you. But, in these democratic days, you must never omit to abuse your political opponent from the platform; either he is a scoundrel or you are, and if you do not call him what he is, it is a sign that you are what he calls you.

His very real humility, again, militated against his platform success. Because he was notoriously a religious man, of the unquestioning childlike faith that characterized the Victorian Age, he has been compared over and over again to Chinese Gordon. In actual fact, no two men could have been more unlike; you could as well compare Buddha to Mohammed. Like John Nicholson—one of Roberts's heroes by the way—Gordon never admitted that it was possible for the other side to have the rights of the matter; Roberts could never forget it. Roberts could never—as did Nicholson—have made the Hindu chieftain who entered his presence shod, himself remove his shoes and carry them out in his hand as a sign of inferiority. Roberts could appreciate Nicholson's point of view; he would have been too keenly conscious of the Indian's degradation to order it himself. And so it was with Havelock and any of the group of Victorian heroes who held India in Mutiny days; perhaps because he was of a later generation Roberts lacked that dour Covenanting spirit that could cheerfully slay the heathen for the good of their souls. Slay them he could and did, in the cause of duty, but never, I am sure, with enjoyment.

One reason, I imagine, why the army idolized its great chief, was because he possessed to so high a degree the sporting spirit which

Mr. Atkins is showing so markedly at the front just now. Not the killing, not even the winning appealed to him so much as the joy of the game. His idea of an ideal war would have been one in which each side, while fighting desperately and performing innumerable deeds of heroism, could part unhurt, ready to fight again next morning. He could appreciate, again, the good points of an enemy, as he showed only a few days before his death, when he publicly appealed to his fellow-countrymen to refrain from "killing Kruger with their mouths" and belittling the heroism of the Germans. We are told that the German press joined with the rest of the world in praising Roberts after his death. If so, it shows that his words did not fall always on stony ground.

Roberts gained many laurels and wore them well; but it will not be as the war-leader that those of us who knew him, however slightly, remember him; rather as the slight, fragile figure in the frock coat of political life, standing very erect and alert, paper of notes in hand, his words almost falling over each other in their eagerness, pounding home the argument to which he gave his last years, yet always kindly, courteous, thoughtful for the feelings of others, so that even those who came to jeer could but stay, if not to praise, at least to admire and sympathize. Roberts's death closes an epoch, that of the Christian soldier as compared with the scientific destroyer. England may find many great generals in years to come; she will be lucky if one of them so truly deserves the epitaph of "a verray parfit gentil knight."

O. M. HUEFFER.

New York, November 20.

METHODS OF THE NAVY LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In consequence of a letter of mine appearing in the *Nation* not long ago, asking attention to the probable menace to the United States in case of a complete German-Austrian success in the present war, I received a letter from an officer of the so-called "Navy League of the United States," inviting my interest in its purposes, viz., the building of a strong navy. Along with the letter came a number of pamphlets, setting forth the needs for a strong military and naval force.

One of these pamphlets is a reprint of an article, published in 1911 in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, entitled "God's Test by War," written by one Harold F. Wyatt.

I do not know who that author is. But I wish to call public attention to the perniciousness of the doctrines by which this Navy League seeks to obtain converts. If there is anything in Gen. Bernhard's book more degradingly materialistic, more sanctimoniously unmoral, more detestably alien to modern civilization, than the principles urged upon us in this pamphlet, I did not find it in the German's book.

Here are a few passages:

"Efficiency for war is God's test of a nation's soul. This is the ethical content of competition."

"Warlike efficiency at the present time is the price of moral and spiritual quality."

"If war could suddenly be rendered henceforth impossible upon earth, the machinery by which national corruption is punished and national virtue rewarded would be ungear. The higher would cease to supersede the lower."

"While human nature remains what it is at present, war must retain its place beside death as a vital and essential part of the economy of God. The Lord of Hosts has made righteousness the path to victory."

"A spurious and bastard humanitarianism masquerading as religion declares war to be an anachronism and a barbaric sin."

"War remains the means by which, as between nations or races, the universal law that the higher shall supersede the lower shall continue to work."

And with anticipatory imitation of the German Chancellor's morality, there is repeated reference to "bits of paper which are written treaties."

This seems a proper place to express the opinion that the spurious biology and repulsive morality of this pamphlet furnish no fit arguments to win the American people to the purposes of the Navy League. A headnote to the pamphlet warns readers that the League's officers "do not fully endorse all that is in it." But the article has only a single thesis, and the above quotations represent it—the glorification of war as an instrument of righteousness. And the League is knowingly urging that thesis in circulating the pamphlet.

The time seems to have come when this detestable philosophy is seeking to gain a footing on our own shores; and we should unite to avow our repudiation of it.

JOHN H. WIGMORE.

Chicago, November 16.

"DR. GRAVES" AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Pearson, in one of his delightful articles in the *Nation*, recently spoke of a book called "The Secrets of the German War Office," by "Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves," promising that the reader would find it entertaining, but not, perhaps, authentic. On this commendation, I have read the book, which seems to me to be as half-raising as Mr. Pearson pronounced it, but which presents some evidences of untrustworthiness that even your critic appears to have overlooked. I mean that more than one hand has shared in its writing and that one of these hands was American. The introductory incidents of the book are written in the style that Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim and Mr. William Le Queux have made their own, and the rest of the volume is full of Americanisms. "Dr. Graves" tells us that he knows very little of America and a great deal of England; he says that he was used for work in the latter country because of his knowledge of the English of London, but he talks of posing as "a strawberry fiend," of doing a "stunt," and of "mailing" (not "posting") a letter! What English-trained speaker of English would write: "Midnight interviews led to some *mighty* unexpected travelling"? Or: "Somebody *says* to call up that number"? One begins to doubt the "Doctor's" boasted cosmopolitanism when his knowledge of Zulu is shown only by his careful translation of the salutation "Koom," familiar to our boyhood delight in Rider Haggard. And *what* is one to think of the valued member of the German Secret Service who answers the Kaiser with a "Yes, sir"? Either the "Doctor" is not quite all that he represents himself to be, or else he has suffered from some very slovenly editing.

RODINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Cloughton-Newlands, Cloughton-under-Scarborough, Eng.,
November 9.

Literature

FOX AND THE REVOLUTION.

George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of the American Revolution. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Vol. II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25.

In measured terms the author assures his readers that this volume was completed before the outbreak of the actual European war, and contains no allusion, direct or covert, to passing events. "The story of the manly and chivalrous spirit in which, four generations ago, the two great English-speaking nations fought out, and ended, their famous quarrel is a story that an Englishman need have no scruple about telling even at a moment when his country, with a steadfast and grounded belief in the justice of his cause, is in the throes of war." He names four of the leaders—Viscount Howe and Sir Guy Carleton, Generals Greene and Washington, two on either side in the contest—who "set a memorable example of how it behooves gallant and humane men to comport themselves under the stress of arms." These forewords, written after the volume was in type, express the spirit of the history. For war and militarism no sympathy is shown; the best side of the leaders' characters are presented, and unfavorable opinions occur but rarely. Gates was "an impostor of a general," and Robertson a dishonest bully. Whether praise or blame is given, the general conclusions are not so extreme as to excite question.

The military events in America after 1780 called for no extended notice. The last campaigns in the Southern States—the running fight between Greene and Cornwallis, and the combined move by French and Americans against Yorktown—are told in sufficient detail, but present no novelty. To Greene the highest praise is given, based upon the admissions of those who suffered defeat at his hands. Yet he never won a battle, nor was he "a general of the first order." A vivid picture of partisan warfare in the Carolinas does not needlessly dwell upon the cruelties practiced and ignores the difficulties imposed upon Greene by the disinclination of too independent leaders to coöperate. French and Americans, Rochambeau and Washington, are commended, and the transfer of sea power for the time gave the victory to Independent America. A description of what passed in New York, "the dreary and sordid annals of military government," in which all self-government was denied to the loyalists, explains the slight hold on the country gained by British arms. The officials plundered loyalist as well as rebel. At home the Ministry suppressed a promising inquiry into the conduct of the war, knowing well how far they would stand condemned in an honest and thorough investigation.

Under a notoriously corrupt Ministry, Great Britain had alienated Europe from

any sympathy with her contest in the colonies. France and Spain had declared war against her, and Holland was soon to be involved, chiefly through the able and aggressive negotiations of John Adams. The rulers of Prussia and Russia dwelt upon the folly of the contest, and the northern Powers combined in the neutrality league against her sea-power and maritime pretensions. Britain stood alone, challenged by Europe, unprepared for war, and hampered by her costly and ineffective operations in America. The politicians, responsible for bringing the country to such a pass, had remained in full power for six years, deceiving themselves and the people by claiming a strong royalist following in the rebellious colonies, one sufficient to conquer in the end. But after 1780 the true contest was at home, and not in America. Either North and his following must be driven from office, or the empire ruined.

Thus political England offers the most attractive field to the author, and the career of Fox is his principal concern. A Parliamentary as well as administrative experience gives color and weight to his narrative. Here the author is at his best, drawing his material from contemporaneous records with an unerring eye to the picturesque, and interspersing reflections and "characters" as required. He is a strong partisan, and does not spare language in describing the misdeeds of the Bedfords, of Germaine, and of Sandwich. Against them he sets the earlier Ministry of Chatham and the leaders of his successors—Rockingham, Richmond, and Camden. His hero, Fox, supplies the running comment, making a fight of years against the corruption and indifference of the Ministry to the interests of the nation; and later acquiring with Burke and Pitt a strength to compel North to retire. For the wrongheaded King and for North himself the author has some liking, regarding the Minister as sacrificed to an imperious master, whom he could not desert because of his personal obligations to him, and because the political system prevented a reform. So centred was the majority in Parliament in the landed interest, such was the official strength of those who benefited by the war expenditures, and such the influence of the King in obtaining support, that, after six years of open misrule, a new election actually gave the powers of mischief an increased majority.

Taking advantage of the fears awakened by the Gordon riots, the King, without warning to the Opposition, but after carefully providing for his own success, suddenly ordered a dissolution of Parliament. The open purchase of seats, the flagrant bribery and abuse of influence, and, above all, the scandalous acts of Ministerial agents, resulted in a victory for the crown. It was dearly bought, for such as it was the representative system permitted the ablest of the Opposition to obtain seats in Parliament, and emphasized the King's position in seeking to exclude them. Burke, thrown out at Bristol, was returned by one of those pocket bor-

oughs which later served as the best of reasons for abolishing the system. Keppel, defeated at Windsor, was accepted by Surrey. Fox, after a close and exciting contest, carried Westminster. The use of the personal influence of the sovereign turned the Opposition leaders to plans of Parliamentary reform.

The contradictions in the political system of Britain were manifest. We are told that at few periods in the history of the country did so large a proportion of the people keep so jealous, attentive, and intelligent watch upon the course of public events. The press, of which Sir George makes a discriminating use, served to keep the people in ignorance of what occurred, either at home or abroad. Venality controlled the Ministerial papers, and the Opposition sheets knew only what was given out from official sources. The country was ruled by families, and the press by a clique. With a limited following they abounded in libels and abusive insinuation, exerting little direction on public opinion, and exposing in a half-hearted manner the faults of administration. The notorious profits given to placemen and party hacks on the negotiation of a public loan should have made the kingdom resound with denunciation. But Ireland was the silent member of the union, and Scotch politics offered even darker spots than English. Adam Smith showed North new sources of revenue, but did not correct the abuses of the old. A Priestley or a Price could not teach or preach in London, forbidden by old and intolerant laws. When showing great advances in the arts, England numbered few capable men among her rulers.

The restrictions on suffrage made it almost unnecessary to educate the people politically. They had no opportunity to make themselves heard save by petition, and the Opposition recognized their opportunity. The "Yorkshire petition" against the undue increase of the influence of the Crown seemed revolutionary and almost disloyal. Cartwright is drawn from an undeserved forgetfulness as the father of Parliamentary reform. Agitation spread. Shelburne's stroke at the origin of evil—the expenditure of public money—supported by Burke in the Commons, tested the growing weakness of the Ministry; to which the acceptance of Dunning's motion, embodying the Yorkshire petition, gave the final touch. The recognized failure of the campaigns in America, the apprehended approach of national defeat on sea and land, and the unceasing demands for increased taxation, forced North to resign, and with a new Ministry the war with America ceased to have an object, if it ever had one. Personal government by the King stood condemned after a trial of twenty years, and as "turbid and barren a record" as history could show. Of the peace negotiations Sir George does not treat, and the volume terminates abruptly with the entry of the new Ministry into power, with its pledge of peace. On Fox is laid the responsibility for throwing away the victory by refusing to serve under Shelburne.

This series of volumes stands alone as a history of the American War of Independence, at once so careful of the amenities of history, so favorable to the American cause and its leading actors, so unsparing in its criticism of the royal policy and agents, so replete with interesting pictures of English social conditions. The judicious selection of material and the charm of presentation amply compensate for the few errors to be found, such as the double confusion concerning Col. Washington, of Carolina. A reading cannot but lead to a better understanding of the contest between the colonies and the mother country, to a better comprehension of the difficulties Great Britain labored under through the inexpressibly bad system of representation and consequent administration. To the author may be extended a grateful appreciation of his endeavor to show the rights of the matter, and the added wish that he may complete as successfully his history of Charles James Fox.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wonder-Worker. By Vincent Brown. New York: Brentano's.

This story begins like a play, by letting the reader into the secret:

This is a story about two old people, their three children, and their fifteen grandchildren. Jacob West was seventy-six. Annie Shard was seventy-five. They lived together as husband and wife since Jacob was nineteen and Annie eighteen. All their friends said they were a very respectable, good-living, dear old couple. They had never been married. Nobody knew.

The wonder-worker, we are rather glad to say, does not appear in the narrative at all. But Jacob and Annie go to hear him preach, and the unconfessed uneasiness about their neglect of ceremony, which has been growing upon each of them, becomes first conviction of sin and then a determination to confess to their children. Meanwhile they have come to believe that several of their acquaintances have in some way discovered their secret. This belief gives rise to the best scenes in the book. The children, who are prosperous people with social ambitions, are not so much scandalized at the fact as alarmed at the possibility that it may be noised abroad. The daughter, in attempting to bribe an old charwoman to secrecy, reveals to her the horrid fact which she has never suspected, and in a similarly gratuitous way betrays it to another acquaintance. But the author, while willing that we should be amused by the antics of the respectable children, also wishes us to take the old people very seriously. Here, in failing to realize the limitations of his material, he has gone astray. For the purposes of farcical comedy it may do very well to assume that two simple and uneducated persons thus informally allied could live happy and unsuspected for fifty years, could then be convinced of their sin, and be induced to explode a bomb in the

family by confession. But it will not do to expect the intelligent reader to sympathize keenly with these gray-haired paradoxes, nor to ask him to be present at their wedding in a spirit of reverence.

The Three Sisters. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Once, in "The Divine Fire," Miss Sinclair succeeded in telling a story which dealt frankly with spades, but did not make a fetish of them. Her hero, though a genius, was not the familiar weakling of feminine romance; and matters of sex occupied hardly more than their natural place in his young life. Elsewhere this writer seems never to have quite escaped into the wholesome world. Preoccupied with the mysteries of passion, she is as if condemned to find passion, on the whole, more shameful than glorious. "The Helpmate," that inquisitive study of young wifehood, we have always felt should have been called "The Bedfellow"; there was the real plane and point of view. We think of no English phrase to substitute for "The Three Sisters" as a more meaning title for the present story: a Frenchman might have named it "Les Trois Amoureux."

They are daughters of an English vicar who has been thrice married, and who would be now provided with a fourth spouse if his third wife had not left him by desertion instead of by death. At fifty-seven he is still a sensualist, resentful of his enforced celibacy, and impatient of the happier lot of others. Because his youngest daughter has shown herself susceptible, he has taken them all three to the barren and gloomy village of "Garth in Garthdale." The only marriageable male in the neighborhood is a young physician, and to him the thoughts of the three sisters turn. They are very different thoughts, since the three belong to distinct types—one might say vaguely an Aphrodite, a Demeter, and an Artemis. Alice, the youngest, has inherited a physical need of love. Failing to win the gentleman, she gives herself to a clodhopper, who finally marries her. Gwendolen, the middle sister, yields her proud heart to Dr. Rowcliffe, and she is the one he really loves. But Mary, the elder, has marked him for her own, and, sly and persistent beneath the apparent bounty of her goodness and sweetness, and aided by the wasted magnanimity of Gwendolen, wins her way to be his wife. Then, to clinch her hold upon him, she sets herself to rob him of his virtue—his ambition, energy, self-respect. "She had more pleasure, because she had more confidence, in this lethargic, middle-aged Rowcliffe than in Rowcliffe young and energetic. His youth attracted him to Gwendolen and his energy had driven him out of doors. And Mary had set herself, secretly, insidiously, to destroy them. It had taken her seven years." Finally, in his sloth and degeneration of body and spirit, the last shred of his romantic feeling for poor Gwendolen visibly ceases to be. So far as he is concerned there is pathos in the situation, but as he is a weakling to begin with, there is

no more than that. Gwenda, the generous and the pure of heart, haplessly compassing her own and her lover's ruin, is the one figure which approaches tragic force.

Kent Knowles: Quahaug. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In this book, Mr. Lincoln has deserted his old friends, the sea breezes and the quaint folk of Cape Cod, and has wandered after strange gods—with somewhat questionable results. One is inclined to wonder why he has made England and the Continent the scene of his latest endeavors. The one distinctive figure in the book is Hephzibah, who is obviously reminiscent of the author's former work. The story deals with a writer of "red-blood" romances, who, because of his taciturn disposition, is called "Quahaug" by his neighbors, this appellation being the New England term for "clam." Hephzibah, Quahaug's elderly cousin, is a typical Yankee spinster, of the capable, common-sense type that Mr. Lincoln handles with success. Hephzibah idolizes Quahaug, and the plot centres around the trip they take abroad: the writer, in an effort to get out of the rut into which he has fallen, and Hephzibah, in search of an orphan niece whom she has never seen. The dénouement concerns the finding of this niece and ensuing complications.

Incredible Adventures. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The tale of fancy or of supernatural horror, built upon abnormal psychology, which Mr. Blackwood has made his own peculiar field, and to which he brings imagination and a style that lacks only reserve force, here suffers mainly from a want of tangible structure. In long stories the defect of the author's materials is far more apparent than in short. All the narratives are told in the first person; in nearly all the key to the mystifying situation is in the hallucination or aberration of the teller's mind; in nearly all Mr. Blackwood is under the necessity of sustaining a prolonged suspense. There are, hence, whole consecutive pages where the attention wanders, and where eeriness is dissipated through sheer diluteness. Compression is so vital a necessity, in the short story of mystery, as to be atoned for only by complexity of plot. For the rest, the author is as ingenious as ever, as full of poetic fancies, and as refreshingly original in his treatment of the unseen world. One story is of a youth wanting in vitality, who recovers himself through an unusual experience; another is of a man hurt in the Alps and carried to a house on the site of an old château, where he relapses, in delirium, into some of the experiences of the château's inmates during the Napoleonic wars; a third, where the horror is exaggerated beyond good taste, is of the atmosphere of an old house, lived in by generations of damnation-preachers. Restraint would come to the author with more attention to dramatic outline.

The Gilded Chrysalis. By Gertrude Pahlow. New York: Duffield & Co.

If there is an American university town with such an academic personnel, such methods of discipline, and such social manners as are here alleged, it might conceivably tolerate a faculty wife like Cicely. It would regard as inherently charming, though discomposing, the fair newcomer, who in her bridal months runs her husband into debt, insults his friends, flirts with his pupils, and (most crucial test of all) alienates a prospective benefactor of the University. Cicely's creator evidently thinks her delightful though erring, and it may be that feminine readers will be found to share the opinion. To the rough male intelligence she is, to put it brutally, a disagreeable little cat in need of nothing so much as the broom-handle. Her escapades with an undergraduate whom she deliciously calls "Pancakes" and who with equal humor addresses her as "Nuts," though technically blameless, show her in top form. When the patient, not to say fatuous, husband finally turns, her deep love for him is suddenly revealed to her with her own unworthiness, and she runs away, having bestowed the traditional caresses upon his pillow and shooting-coat. That she comes back in due time, penitent and to be forgiven, goes without saying. The action is liberally decorated with that form of facetious dialogue known in knitting circles as "bright."

ORGANIZED LABOR IN AMERICA.

American Labor Unions. By Helen Marot. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

Helen Marot's book contains a good deal of information on labor organization generally as it exists in the United States and will be useful to those who have not already an intimate acquaintance with the subject. As she says in her preface, she has tried to interpret the nature and purpose of each of the principal organized groups, writing not as a critic nor as an advocate (though her own sympathies are plainly disclosed at times), but as an observer and reporter. She expressly disclaims speaking for any particular group or wing. In this sense her book is more or less impartial. Its peculiar value to the general reader is probably in just what the author argues for it, namely, its interpretative character. In her pages organized labor speaks for itself with more frankness than usual, and it is always important in any matter of this kind to apprehend (and comprehend) the point of view.

Three main groups are distinguished in the general body of organized labor in America: the American Federation of Labor, the railway brotherhoods, and the I. W. W. The American Federation stands for the general principle of partnership relations between labor and capital, and also for what may be called a community of labor interests, while the railway brotherhoods, accepting this principle of partnership, have adopted a thoroughly exclusive policy so far as other

labor interests are concerned and are not members of the Federation. The I. W. W. rejects *in toto* the notion of any partnership between labor and capital, and stands for complete economic revolution by dispossession of capital. It is in fact the simplest form of syndicalism. Besides these broad lines of distinction there is another, viz., that which divides the "craft union" from the "industrial" union. Broadly speaking, the latter form bears the same relation to the former that is borne by the "integrated" industry to the ordinary craft. The United Mine Workers (coal), the Western Federation of Miners (metals), and the Brewery Workers' Union are the principal examples of the "industrial" type: all three are members of the Federation. The author regards this type of union as more "sophisticated" than the craft union, and therefore better corresponding to present-day conditions.

In one sense, there is a radical difference between the "partnership" theory of labor organization and the syndicalist theory, but the description given of the point of view of organized labor—what, indeed, might be termed the soul of the labor movement to-day—makes it reasonably clear that in practice the entire movement is at the bottom revolutionary in tendency. This is stated in terms in the author's preface:

There is no question of rivalry between the reform movements and the labor unions . . . many movements of national scope operate without crossing. But the difference between labor's activity in its own behalf and the activity of others in labor's interest is not only a matter of results. Immediate results may be served in either case, but whenever labor attacks the evils which beset it, *new power is created* . . . no one doubts that measures for industrial betterment, as they are initiated by philanthropists or by capital and administered by experts or state officials, will make large contributions towards minimizing physical waste and disease in modern industry. It is indeed a movement for sanitation and conservation. Its full realization would give clean homes, healthy children, and efficient workers. But class-conscious labor wants much more. It wants citizenship in industry. It is no more willing to submit to the rule of the beneficent and efficient than were the American colonists willing to submit to the rule of the British Parliament. Labor would rather be free than clean. The reform movement is not co-extensive with democracy, but with bureaucracy. The labor unions are group efforts in the direction of democracy (pp. 8-10).

All through her discussion of matters like the boycott, sabotage, and violence the author makes it clear that between the existing order and organized labor there is an irrepressible conflict, although in her statements of the labor theory on these matters there is not the frankness of admission that characterizes the utterances of extremists of the type of Haywood. It is, however, probably fair to say that she regards as the final ethical test of these things the value that they have as tending to advance the interests of labor as such. Of violence, for instance, she says: "The conviction of union men is that violence does not meet the oc-

castion, not that the occasion does not justify it" (p. 198). Of the courts she says that "labor's particular quarrel with the courts is that they refuse to take motives into account or provocations for coercion; that courts are incompetent to distinguish between acts which are inspired by selfish interests and acts which result from efforts to settle issues of social significance . . ." etc. (pp. 181-2). All this may be regarded as the contribution of revolutionary Socialism to the labor movement in general. It may be that Helen Marot overstates the extent to which the revolutionary idea has permeated organized labor's consciousness, but there can be little doubt that it is in complete possession of its sub-consciousness. Because her book shows this more clearly than have the books of most other writers who are not professedly Socialist in their leanings, it is of especial interest.

SOCIETY AMONG DIPLOMATS.

The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life, 1875-1912. By Lillie de Hegermann-Lindencrone. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2 net.

A volume made up of extracts from the private correspondence of a clever woman, covering a period of thirty-seven years spent at various capitals, could hardly fail to be an interesting human document. This one will have a peculiar attraction for readers old enough to recall the career of the Miss Greenough, of Cambridge, Mass., who studied singing under Garcia, achieved a notable artistic success in Paris while living there with her first husband, Charles Moulton, and after his death married Johan de Hegermann-Lindencrone, of the Danish foreign service. The fragmentary record carries us from Minister Hegermann's first billet, at Washington towards the close of Grant's Administration, to Rome, Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin, where he reached the legal age of retirement. In the opinion of his wife, obviously, the sunny side of diplomatic life is its social side, and this lends itself readily to the gossip method of her letters.

As a music-lover, Mme. Hegermann naturally found most enjoyment in her stay at the Italian court under the reign of King Humbert. Queen Margherita was a devoted amateur in music, and used to sing duets with her. Here, too, she met many musical geniuses, including Verdi, who struck her as abnormally self-contained, and whose "very interesting face with burning eyes" surprised her by not glowing perceptibly when she told him how much the Queen admired his operas. Another visitor was Liszt, tirelessly watched over by an unseen and unnamed guardian angel of the gentler sex, who saw to it that he should not be allowed to sit in a draught, or smoke too strong a cigar, or drink any but weak coffee lest it interfere with his sleep. An old acquaintance was renewed with Massenet, whom Mme. Hegermann had helped in his days of penniless obscurity by paying him five francs an hour for copying manuscript, but

whom all the fashionable world was now paying twenty francs for the privilege of merely looking at him.

We are treated to a touching story of Mascagni and the first production of his "Cavalleria." The audience, having had no foretaste of the work and knowing nothing of its source, were enchanted with the overture and grew more and more enthusiastic as the performance proceeded, presently calling in excited tones for the author. Mascagni was pushed forward from the wings, evidently against his will, shabbily attired in an old gray suit with the trousers turned up, just as he had come in from the street. His hair was long and unkempt, and his unwashed face haggard from starvation. He was but twenty years old, and with his girl-wife and baby had been living in a garret without money enough to buy a candle, and with no instrument but an accordion on which to work out his score. His awkward bows seemed to arouse his audience still further, so that they rose with a bound and cheered vociferously, their delight bursting all restraints when the intermezzo was played, and compelling him to come before the curtain at least twenty times. "Any other composer," writes our sympathetic witness, "would have beamed all over with joy and pride at such an ovation, but Mascagni only looked shy and bewildered. The tears rolled down my cheeks as I looked at the poor young fellow, who probably that very morning was wondering how he could provide food for his wife and baby."

Among the literary celebrities drawn to Rome about this time were Ibsen and the romancer best known by her pen-name, Ouida. Ibsen, "with his lion face and tangle of hair," his piercing, critical eyes looking forth from under bushy brows, and "his cruel, satirical smile," made a rather disagreeable impression on Mme. Hegermann; he did not like music, and did not disguise his dislike, so that his presence at studio teas where music formed a part of the entertainment took all the spirit out of the performers. Ouida struck her as somewhat of a *poscase*. "She was dressed with a lofty disregard of Roman climate," wearing a gown "open at the throat, with short sleeves, and the thinnest of shoes and stockings, which she managed to show more than was quite necessary. She spoke in an affected voice, and looked about her continually, as if people were watching her and taking notes."

Not all the interesting figures in this Roman panorama were musicians or writers. One was the then youthful Kaiser Wilhelm II, just raised to the throne by the death of his father, and now making a round of friendly visits to his brother sovereigns. Our author found him a genial soul, with a sporting spirit which stood the test well when the German Minister—a happy bachelor with no talent for housekeeping—put him up at the legation in a room which boasted neither soap-dish nor towel. In a later period Mme. Hegermann saw a good deal of him at Berlin, where he continued to

please her by his preference for speaking English, and by such evidences of a cheerful temper as his endurance of an underbred American woman who volunteered her advice that he ingratiate himself with the French people by giving Alsace-Lorraine back to them! He had, we are told, "a way of fixing those discerning gray eyes on you when he talks, and you have the feeling that he is sifting and weighing you in his mind; and when he smiles his face lights up with humor and interest. You feel as if a life-buoy were keeping you afloat." Theodore Roosevelt came to Berlin while the Hegermanns were there. The Kaiser "was charmed with him, just as Mr. Roosevelt was charmed with the Kaiser." There is a familiar note in the account of the reception given in honor of the ex-President at the American Embassy, where he "was most amiable. He greeted people with a cordiality which bordered on *épanchement*, giving their hands a shaking the like of which they had never had before." He "smiled kindly at the guests as they poured in and out of the salon. It was about all the guests did—pour in and pour out."

Intimate pictures of the domestic life of several royalties are sprinkled through the book. The pleasantest, perhaps, is the glimpse we get of King Christian IX of Denmark, known to an earlier generation as "the grandpapa of Europe," and his good Queen Louise. Albeit the King tried to excuse himself by pleading a twinge of lumbago when the Queen first sent for him to come and meet Mme. Hegermann, he soon fell so under the fascination of her singing that he took down a life-size oil portrait of himself which had long hung on the wall of his room, and brought it to her in his arms, dust and all, to beg her acceptance of it as a souvenir. The old gentleman even waltzed with her. Not less appreciative, but more labored in his way of expressing his sentiment, she found King Oscar during her sojourn in Stockholm. He appears to have been fond of singing himself, as well as of listening to other experts in the art; and when he had notified her of his intention to come and sing for her, and she had had her piano especially tuned for the occasion, what was her surprise to see a van draw up at her door and discharge his Majesty's private piano! The mystery was explained when she discovered that this instrument had a shift-apparatus by which one could "lower the whole keyboard by half-tones, so that a baritone could masquerade as a tenor . . . and no one would be the wiser."

The simplicity of high official life in the Washington of the 'seventies, by comparison with the ceremoniousness of foreign capitals, is illustrated by an account of Minister Hegermann's presentation to President Grant. Attired in his red gala uniform, with all his decorations, he drove to the White House, and mounted the steps with his written speech, nicely folded, in his hand. Instead of being received at the door by a bevy of gorgeous chamberlains, he found there a negro, who, on seeing him, hurriedly

donned a coat and, with an encouraging wave of the hand, said: "Come right along in, sir. I'll let them know you're here, sir." He was shown into a room where he waited patiently till the President and Secretary Fish appeared. Grant was dressed in a gray street suit and wore a colored tie, and Fish, who had evidently just come in from a walk, was in equally unconventional costume. The new Minister delivered his speech, and the President responded by reading, with some difficulty, a paper the Secretary handed him at the last moment. Then Minister and President shook hands, the Secretary ventured a remark about the beauty of the weather, and the momentous formality was over. At White House dinners she attended during Grant's term, Mme. Hegemann noted that, though wine was served, Grant turned down his glasses; but that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, though averse to the use of wine at such functions, took very kindly to Roman punch because it was eaten with a spoon.

It is a pity that a book so full of good things should have its surface marred by errors which could have been avoided by a little care in editing or proofreading. For an American writer to imprison Carl Schurz at Schandau, and introduce "Old Probabilities" as Gen. Meyer, is scarcely less culpable than for a Dane by marriage to refer to a duel between Hamlet and Polonius; and these instances are, unhappily, only typical.

Notes

E. P. Dutton & Company announce for publication in their Times Series, this month, "Some French Cathedrals" and "A Dickens Pilgrimage." The same house will publish shortly "Builder and Blunderer," by George Saunders.

Two new handbooks of the series entitled "Principles and Methods of Religious Education" are announced by the University of Chicago Press: "Graded Social Service for the Sunday School," by William Norman Hutchins, and "The Sunday-School Building and Its Equipment," by Herbert Francis Evans.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have ready for immediate publication "In the Supreme Court of Civilization: The Dual Alliance vs. the Triple Entente," by James M. Beck, and "Deutschland über Alles," by John Jay Chapman.

Benziger Brothers announce the publication of "Rambles in Catholic Lands," by the Rev. Michael Barrett.

"A Tale from the Rainbow Land," by Katherine M. Yates, will be published next month by Paul Elder & Company.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication of "Twilight Sleep," by Henry Smith Williams, and "The Bible and Modern Life," by Joseph S. Auerbach.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the publication of the following volumes: "On the Cosmic Relations," by Henry Holt; "Civilization and Health," by Woods Hutchinson;

"Animal Experimentation and Medical Progress," by W. W. Keen; "The Early Life of Mr. Man," written and illustrated by E. Boyd Smith; "A Century's Change in Religion," by George Harris; "The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century," by William E. Mend; "Biology and Social Problems," by George Howard Parker; "Songs of the Outlands," by Henry Herbert Knibbs; "The Boston Symphony Orchestra," by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, in "The War in Europe" (Appleton; \$1 net), has produced an excellent historical, statistical, and military commentary. He goes briefly into the political, racial, and commercial rivalries that underlie the war, discusses the diplomatic preliminaries, methods of recruiting and fighting, possible effects in redistribution of territory. It is an exposition rather than an argument, though the author does not hesitate to declare that nothing can justify the worst of the havoc wrought in Belgium. On the whole, he seems to regard the war as based on long-standing racial animosities and conflicts of interest; hence as unavoidable. From the suddenness of the conflagration and the speed with which modern war is conducted he draws the lesson that the United States should considerably increase its army and navy. His remedy for future wars is the much mooted one of an international coalition, with small armies which could be united to form a world police. The tone of the book is generally so sober and objective that one reads with some misgivings such prophecies as that no nation but Russia can fight for more than two years. It would be interesting to inquire if any nation has ever stopped fighting just because of shortage of money. Again, to read that "Any day may bring the news that the feat of destroying the English sea power has been accomplished" (through a Zeppelin raid) suggests rather an active imagination than a cool calculation of the probabilities. If it were as easy as that, there would now be no British fleet. Of course, the very magnitude of the war tempts to such forecasts. Generally Professor Hart's book is free from such blemishes. It is well packed with accurate information clearly conveyed, and is just about what the traditional intelligent reader will want to have at hand as he reads his papers. The tabulation of much of the statistical material and the addition of a map or two would have made the book still more useful.

From George H. Doran Company come three slender volumes (\$1 net each) dealing with the British, the German, and the French armies "from within." E. Charles Vivian, on the British army, has produced an excellent little manual. It is written with apparent fulness of knowledge, and with an evidently sincere desire to convey information. It takes up Tommy Atkins in the recruiting office and carries him through the routine of the various branches of the service in a systematic, complete, and eminently readable fashion. "Ex-Trooper," who writes on the army of France, displays far less intimate knowledge of his subject. Now and then he gives us a bit of local color, but as a whole his account deals in generalities which might be true of any army; the exception being a fair amount of data regarding organization such as is available in any reference book. The author lays stress on the prevalence of punishment as

part of the French soldier's training, which is contrary to the general impression of the relations existing between the French conscript and his officers. The volume on the German army written by a British officer who has served under the Kaiser is worthless. It is made up almost entirely of dubious anecdote, the "information" it conveys is full of errors, and the spirit in which it is written is enough to discredit it, being one of cheap sneers at the army it is supposed to describe and the nation behind that army. The book was evidently written to tickle a certain kind of public taste in England.

There is something self-conscious about the efforts or experiments of the present day in colonization attempted by powers that are "new at the game." The burden of past and present criticism seems to sit heavily upon them, now that the old traditions that led England, France, Holland, Spain, and Portugal far afield in quest of empire have undergone a thorough change. Something of this alert, sensitive paternalism characterizes the Italian adventure in Tripoli as described in Ethel Braun's "The New Tripoli" (London: Fisher Unwin; 10s. 6d.). And especially sensitive an up-to-date modern nation must be when she supplants an historic dependency of the Sublime Porte! The efforts of the Italians in Tripoli are sympathetically described, but one is disappointed to find, with all of Mrs. Braun's wealth of shrewd observation of the natives and their customs, that she has offered under a chapter entitled The Political Situation a mere hint of what her readers would like to know. It is interesting to hear that "Tripolitania has not been annexed to the kingdom of Italy, but has only been put under its dominion . . . the natives of Tripolitania are not Italian citizens, but merely Italian subjects, and Italian laws are not applied in the colony," but some definite notion of Italy's political commitment in the matter would have been more to the point. Granted that the fanaticism of the Mohammedan religion calls for infinite tact by the administration, yet a frank acceptance of native talent, an impartial respect for custom and religion, as shown in the British policy in India, and the admission of the native to a part in the organization of a new régime, would appear to be the surest policy for the Italians. The Mohammedan sentimentality dominated from Constantinople is a type that exists only in Egypt, an academic type that is not even found in India, and a bold attempt to rehabilitate local race consciousness, is one that Italy will find inevitable in gaining control of the religious problem, and knitting together political allegiance. Mrs. Braun, everywhere observant of ethnic differences, is especially illuminating on the Berbers, but notably reticent on the Senussian influences pervading the outlying desert tribes. Tripoli was once a centre for Senussian activity; and, at one time, the Sultan feared the Sheik would rival his authority in Tripoli. We must regard Mrs. Braun's brief survey as a good preliminary to a more ambitious study of Italy's new colony.

Students of English literature are probably less likely to remember Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the father-in-law of the kingmaker, as the player of a minor rôle in several of the "Henry" plays than as the romantic knight, the hero of a three days' tournament at Calais, in whose service, it has been very plausibly conjectured, was Sir Thomas

Malory. The great earl, known as the "Father of Courtesy" by virtue of a glowing compliment paid him by the Emperor Sigismund, lived a busy life; fighting and feasting "in Lettowe and in Ruce"; plously journeying to the Holy Land, where he was amiably received by the Soldan because of his descent from Guy of Warwick; serving his King, Henry V, as general and governor; negotiating for him a marriage with Katharine of France, and acting as "maister" to their infant son. Some forty or fifty years after his death in 1439 a series of fifty-three spirited drawings were executed by an unknown, but presumably English, hand, presenting the pageant of this busy life from birth to death. These pictures, obtainable hitherto only in the imperfect engravings of Strutt and the very limited edition for the Roxburghe Club, are now made accessible in a series of photo-engravings from the original MS., together with interesting comment by the editors, Viscount Dillon and W. H. St. John Hope (Longmans, Green; \$7). The drawing is animated to a remarkable degree, yet executed with careful attention to detail, and in the successive scenes of baptisms, marriages, crownings, jousts, battles, pilgrimages, sea fights, feasts, councils, embassies, sieges, even the chambers of birth and death, all the bravery and splendor of the fifteenth century in its habit as it lived passes before the eye.

The erstwhile supremacy of the Jesuits in matters educational lends a kind of melancholy interest to "Teacher and Teaching" (Longmans, Green; \$1 net), by Richard H. Tierney, S.J. The fourteen essays here elegantly reprinted from *America* deal with both practical and pedagogical features of a teacher's labors, in an admirably simple and direct style. A shrewd and experienced teacher, devoted to his task, he displays a preoccupation with the building of character which is unfortunately rare in the public schools of our country. His suggestions, however, are too vague and general, and where most sensible are least new. Indeed, freshness or progressiveness is the last quality one would remark upon in these pages. The psychology assumed throughout is the theory of faculties, long since discarded by all scientific students. The basis posited for intellectual training is the doctrine of formal discipline for some time now discredited by pedagogical authorities. And the references to boyish modes of thought and feeling disclose the old-fashioned supposition that youthful capacities are of only two or three kinds. Scientific study of education has of late years emphasized the wide diversity of aptitudes and the necessity of suiting the instruction to varying abilities. In brief, the fundamental assumptions throughout the volume are not merely conservative, but those of a past generation.

Prof. F. Crawford Burkitt's "Jewish and Christian Apocalypses" (Oxford University Press; 3s. net) is a useful contribution to the history of these works, the interest in which has of late been constantly growing. The modest volume (one of the Schweich Lectures, price 3s. a volume) is not a translation or a detailed criticism, but a brief sketch of the nature of the apocalypse (the central idea in which Burkitt takes to be the final general judgment), with outlines of the several books and critical remarks in three appendices. The tone of the book is sane and judicial. The occasional references to a connection between

the Jewish Apocalypses and the New Testament are well put. Special attention is paid to the book (or books) of Enoch, as to which, and as to the "Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," the author dissents from the conclusions of Dr. Charles in a number of cases.

The extent to which development of the educational side of trade, commerce, and industry is receiving impetus from purely academic sources is again made manifest by a book from the pen of Prof. Paul H. Neystrom, assistant professor of political economy at the University of Wisconsin. The book is entitled "Retail Selling and Store Management" (Appleton; \$1.50 net), and is the first volume in a Commercial Education series prepared by the Extension Division of the University. As the volume is primarily a textbook, Professor Neystrom begins with first principles, discussing production, retailing, training of clerks and salesmen, and so on, in the simplest terms. He devotes considerable space to personal habits, character, and requisite qualities, and goes into detail regarding knowledge of goods and customers, devoting two chapters to the psychology of selling and the observation and analysis of human nature. Window and store display, newspaper advertising, and other aids to selling are discussed sufficiently to indicate their importance. The book thus furnishes a good grounding for the student salesman, or for retailers who wish to know what training to give their people. At the same time, the larger subjects of policy and general store efficiency in management, organization, standards, selecting employees, buying, credits, and collections are not overlooked. In common with the majority of business men and business treatises, Professor Neystrom's volume fails to emphasize sufficiently the importance of market study, which implies thorough investigation, study, and analysis of the entire zone of delivery, estimate of the possible volume of business, methods of determining who are the individuals that fail to patronize the store, why they do not, and what will attract them, and so on. In other words, the author deals mainly with customers, salesmen, and executives inside the store, and less with the relation of the store to the community upon which it is dependent.

Professor Haverfield's "Ancient Town-Planning" (Oxford: Clarendon Press; 6s. net), though it was submitted in part to the Conference on Town-Planning, held at London in 1910, is likely to prove more instructive to classical scholars and historians than to those "women and men" who have included in their programmes of social reform "the daily life of human beings in their domestic environment." For to them the most it can offer is a successful attempt to show "the slow and painful steps by which mankind became at last able to plan towns as units, yet inhabited by individual men and women," and to "emphasize the need for definite rules and principles" as a restraint upon the vagaries of individual caprice and convenience. To the others, and, indeed, for that matter to medieval scholars and historians as well, it brings a rich store of information and suggestion. In Greece systematic town-planning first became established in the military foundations of the Macedonian epoch. In Italy approximately rectangular schemes are observable from a very early time (terremare, Marzobotto), but it was only under Greek influence and the necessity of planting military colonies in large numbers

that the Romans corrected, in late republican times, the native Italian tendency to operate with trapezoids, or squares and oblongs, "so to say, askew."

The result was a compromise on a type which "has obvious analogies with earlier Italy and with the town-planning of the Greek world, but is also in certain respects distinct from either. The town areas with which we have now to deal are small squares or oblongs; they are divided by two main streets into four parts and by other and parallel streets into square or oblong house blocks ('insulae'), and the rectangular scheme is carried through with some geometric precision. The two main streets appear to follow some method of orientation connected with augural science." This new type is visible still in the street systems of several modern towns, particularly in North Italy (Turin, Aosta, Florence, Lucca). It may be induced from the sites of Italian colonies excavated in the Latin part of the Roman Empire (Timgad, Carthage, Laibach, Numantia, Lincoln). Interesting cases are those of native towns in Britain (Silchester, Caerwent), where the rectangular streets of the Romans were shoved through the haphazard collection of farm-houses with which the aborigines had been satisfied. In Autun Augustus seems to have prepared in advance a model Roman city for the Celtic inhabitants of the neighborhood, thus anticipating the decoy streets and houses so common on this continent. The book is illustrated by excellent plans of all the towns discussed. We note the absence of any reference to Delos, where town-planning was, indeed, conspicuously lacking, but where indications are not wanting of a skilful adaptation of street systems to local conditions.

"The French Revolution" (McClurg; \$1), by H. Packwood Adams, is a clear-cut elementary account of the great movement for liberty and equality between 1789 and 1795. The author does not pretend to any researches of his own, but relies largely on the writings of Aulard and Sorel and on the "Cambridge Modern History." He is interested in the French Revolution as alive with problems of political freedom and economic justice which are still vital to-day. His own sympathies, and his reading of Kropotkin's "The Great French Revolution," lead him to a somewhat more radical attitude than is found in the sketches of the Revolution by Mrs. Gardiner, Shaller Mathews, and R. M. Johnston. A much more considerable volume on the same subject, but of quite a different character, is Harold F. B. Wheeler's "The French Revolution from the Age of Louis XIV to the Coming of Napoleon" (Stokes; \$2.50 net). In order to give the proper background for an understanding of the great changes which began with the Meeting of the States General, the author devotes more than a third of his volume to a good sketch of the germs of decay and the development of criticism and unrest with which France was struggling before 1789. The dramatic side of the Revolution itself is told with something of the dash of modern journalism. The author freely quotes apt accounts of the more vivid and trustworthy eyewitnesses and contemporary sources. But he makes no attempt at constructive criticism, offers nothing startlingly new, and is not free from minor inaccuracies. He gives relatively little attention to constitutional, economic, and social matters. His interesting, spirited vol-

ume is to be read for pleasure rather than coned for information. It is well illustrated by some four-score authentic portraits, caricatures, and miscellaneous pictures of real historical value.

There will always be a legitimate place for brief biographies of the Presidents, but to such a compilation as James Grant Wilson's "Presidents of the United States" (Scribner; \$7.50 net) cannot be given very high praise. The twenty-seven sketches which fill these four volumes are by various authors, and have even more various merits. Those of the earlier Presidents are reprinted from Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography," where they served in their day a useful purpose; but the slight revision to which the editor has subjected them has not sufficed to bring them up to date, while in several instances the articles were hardly worth reproducing at all. No American historian, for example, could have been less qualified by knowledge or temperament for writing about Jackson than John Fiske; to which must be added the fact that the works of Catterall, MacDonald, McMaster, and Bassett, all published since Fiske wrote, have quite restated both the events and the significance of Jackson's reign. We may still accept Gilman's estimate of Monroe or John Hay's opinion of Lincoln, but the present generation needs a more authoritative biographer than Fiske, again, of John Quincy Adams, and more impartial ones of Jefferson than Parton, or of Buchanan than Curtis. Of the recent Presidents the treatment is better, for while the accounts of McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft tend, not unnaturally, to kindly and harmless panegyric, they have at least the value of useful and readable summaries. A quantity of election statistics drawn from the *World Almanac*, together with a list of Cabinet officers, helps out the fourth volume. Few of the portraits are good, while those of the wives of the Presidents are quite insignificant. One feature of the work, however, may be heartily commended, and that is the full index.

The task of writing the early history of India is one not readily essayed because, as Elphinstone admitted, no date in Indian history prior to Alexander's invasion can be precisely determined. Nor has modern research greatly changed this dictum. No one, however, is better equipped for the task than the author of the life of Asoka, and Mr. Vincent A. Smith's third edition of his "Early History of India" (Oxford University Press; 14s. net), first issued nine years ago, and considerably revised, is a welcome contribution. For a true early history of India no record will be complete and final without extensive research and study of the south. The chief reason for a lack of accessible evidence is the fact that the Gangetic plain invariably settled the destiny or satisfied the ambitions of invaders, and no further conquest was attempted, especially in the south. Nothing remains of the work of native historians: "no connected relation," says Elphinstone, "of the national transactions" of southern India. So far the primitive Dravidian stock has been chiefly interpreted through the ethnologist, and Mr. Smith is not alone in his contention that the history of this pre-Aryan race, early driven south, must be regarded as the history of India proper. Isolated studies of the archaeological remains, chiefly epigraphic, in which southern India is particu-

larly rich, have appeared from time to time. In ancient times, Ptolemy was familiar with the southern peninsula and called it Dami-rikê, which Mr. Smith regards as a good transliteration of Tamilakam; and later a long succession of travellers like Marco Polo knew the kingdom of the Tamil at the time of its commercial prosperity. In his present work Mr. Smith confines himself almost exclusively to the political history of early India, which is contained, by extent of conquest, in the north. But we are grateful for his illuminating chapters on the non-Aryan south, and hope that he will soon follow upon his own promising initiative.

Dr. George James Bayles, for six years prize lecturer at Columbia University, and an authority on ecclesiastical law, died on November 20. Dr. Bayles was born at Irvington-on-Hudson, on August 28, 1869. He graduated from Columbia in 1891 with the degree of A.B., and subsequently received the degrees of A.M., LL.B., and Ph.D. Among his works are three volumes dealing with civil church law in New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts; "Civil Church Law Cases," and "Woman and the Law." Dr. Bayles was a member of the New York Academy of Political Science, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and the American Historical Association.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Surely no previous war ever gave such a stimulus to the lie-making faculty. The newspapers of the world have been printing a spurious article, first published in a Swedish paper, in which Tolstoy was alleged to have predicted the present war and to have foretold the coming of a new Napoleon from the North. The prophecy appeared in the form of a letter of Tolstoy's to his daughter. His literary representative and executor, Vladimir Tchertkoff, writes from Russia to a London paper to expose the fraud. Tolstoy never wrote anything of the kind.

The General Medical Council of the United Kingdom is becoming anxious lest there should be a serious lack of doctors in the near future. Enlistment for the war has brought down the number of medical students at Cambridge to 64, as against 116 in the corresponding term last year, and similar decreases are reported from the other medical schools. The new conditions created by the Insurance Act had already made it difficult for the profession to meet all the demands upon it, and this pressure is daily increasing as the Red Cross hospitals are becoming filled with wounded soldiers from the front. It is now being suggested that medical students will really be doing a more patriotic service by completing their course than by leaving to join the colors.

One of the minor ironies of the war is the predicament of the British Universities' Mission to Central Africa. Its operations are largely carried on in German East Africa. The officials of the society at home recently sent out to the missionaries a consignment of food, drugs, and other necessities in a German vessel. It is feared that this vessel, with her cargo, will be taken as a prize of war by a British cruiser.

Joseph Déchelette, killed at the battle of the

Aisne by a German shell exploding against his breast, was one of the French archaeologists whose work has been most useful to history. The three bulky volumes which have been published of his "Manuel d'Archéologie préhistorique, celtique et gallo-romaine" form the only approach to a complete repertory of researches and results in this matter. He carried on his life work in the admirable provincial museum of Roanne, on the upper Loire. This he had organized, and he remained its curator, although Paris had welcomed him to the Institut de France and the University. His age, but not his patriotism, would have exempted him from active service; and he has died a captain of the territorial army at the head of his company.

Henry Beuchat followed closely in the steps of Déchelette when writing his unique manual of American archaeology which appeared in the same series (see review in *Nation* of October 9, 1913). He, too, is said to have perished, in the Stefansson Arctic expedition, which he hoped would give him opportunities to study the industries of the Eskimos and further connect their race with prehistoric science. The American press, while chronicling his death in the disaster, seems not to have known the unparalleled service he had rendered to our own prehistory. Our veteran Americanist, Henry Vignaud, when presenting his book to the public, said: "Its publication is in advance of any work of like character in Germany or England or America."

A neutral and, by all ordinary rules, an impartial and well-informed judgment of what has really been going on in Belgium is found in the declaration made by Prof. Alfred Martin in the name of the Consistory of Geneva, Switzerland, after due report by the Rev. Pastor Gaillard: "We consider that, even in the interests of the Protestant churches of Belgium, it is better to delay sending our proposed letter of sympathy to them until such time as Right shall no longer be trampled under foot. Our letter would not reach those for whom we should destine it, and, very likely, would be intercepted by the German military authority which might find in it a pretext for new severities. But it needs not to be said that each of us feels, not only for the churches of Belgium, but also for so brave a country, ardent sympathy. The unprecedented misfortunes of which it is the innocent victim are for us a veritable nightmare. The violation of its neutrality in contempt of treaties, the invasion of its territory by a foreign army which has devastated it, the destruction of its cities and villages, the ruin of its commerce and industry, the crushing taxes levied on its inhabitants, the carrying away of hostages—no calamity has been spared this unhappy people who were a menace to none and whose only crime consisted in their will to remain free. Amid all these misfortunes, we do not count the invectives which the conquerors have generously flung at them, for such iniquity only hurts its authors. A manifesto drawn up by a group of men of science, among whom are found professors of law and theology, treats as bandits citizens who have taken up arms to defend their homes. Bandits, so be it! In the Belgian bandits we hail the valiant race of those whom the Duke of Alva called disdainfully *Queux* (beggars). History, a just judge, takes upon herself to transform a low insult into a title of glory."

Science

VITALISM AND MECHANISM.

Mechanism, Life, and Personality: An Examination of the Mechanistic Theory of Life and Mind. By J. S. Haldane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1 net.

Every generation of thinking men, from the time of Aristotle, has attacked the problems of life and mind in an endeavor to correlate its science or its philosophy with the prevalent thought of the age; but great as the progress has been all along the line, in philosophy as well as in science, most biologists at the present day would probably admit that we are still confronted by the same impenetrable wall that baffled the ancients, and that in this particular field we do not seem to have advanced beyond the classification of the venerable father of zoölogy, who divided all things into the Living and the Dead.

Dr. Haldane, who speaks with the authority of a physiologist of high repute, and of one who has mastered his material in more than one field, is of a different opinion. Moreover, he considers the time to be "more than ripe for bringing the great biological movement of the nineteenth century into definite relation with the main stream of human thought." The four brief lectures which form the present volume—"The Mechanistic Theory of Life," "Criticism of the Mechanistic Theory," "Biology and the Physical Sciences," and "Personality"—are to be regarded as a contribution to this end. For all who can follow his philosophy many devious ways will be perceptibly straightened.

From the standpoint of a scientific worker the first two lectures are the more interesting, on account of their clear statement and keen criticism of the mechanistic theory of life. The general reader, on the other hand, will doubtless find his attention more easily engaged in the final essays, in which the author calls to his aid the supporting arm of philosophy. The lectures are marked throughout by an admirable conciseness, and the restraint of the author who can compress to so brief a compass a discussion of many fundamental problems is as noteworthy as the originality of his ideas.

The author's argument does not admit of much further condensation, but we shall attempt to summarize it, and then glance at what is offered in place of the theories assailed. The mechanistic theory of life, as now generally understood, is that form of materialism which attempts to explain or describe living things as nothing but machines, and to account for every vital phenomenon, including human experience, as a result of chemical and physical change. It is not denied that this product of Cartesian philosophy has borne some excellent fruit, but it is considered to have outgrown its usefulness, and to be ripe for the rubbish-heap. It has become, says the author, more of a hindrance than a help in solving the problems of modern biology.

The traditional opponents of the mechan-

istic theory, the vitalists, and the animists, for the purposes of the present argument, are placed in the same category, since both maintain that living things are so peculiar that some guiding and controlling factor, unknown to physics or chemistry, must be present. The vitalists have called this factor the vital force or principle, or latterly the entelechy, while to the animist it is the soul, that may even act sub-consciously.

The defects of vitalism are found to be many and weighty; if we assume this doctrine to be true, the action of the "vital principle" is strictly limited by the physical and chemical environment. Lower or raise the temperature, or cut off the supply of oxygen, and the vital principle vanishes. Wherever we turn we find each part of every organism closely dependent, in both a qualitative and a quantitative sense, upon such influences. A mechanist might therefore ask if such a theory had any excuse for existence. Vitalism would further seem to imply a breach in the law of the conservation of energy, which all experimental evidence has firmly established in the domain of biology. Again, as the author observes, in order to guide all the complex movements and processes of living things, the vital principle would stand in need of superhuman knowledge, yet it is supposed to act blindly and unconsciously. Such an agent is clearly unintelligible, and the hypothesis is practically useless.

With vitalism and animism disposed of, the author devotes himself freely to the mechanistic theory, and concludes, as we have intimated, that it totally fails to explain either the lower or the higher forms of life and mind. Among what are held to be fatal objections to this theory may be mentioned the delicacy of organic regulation and the phenomena of reproduction and heredity. Within the organism of whatever grade, perfect adjustment and correlation are the rule. It is thus the function of certain cells of the vertebrate kidney to hold the composition of the blood constant, yet what under the microscope appears like gelatinous matter "can react, and continue through life to react, true to the finest mechanism of tempered steel, to the minutest change in the environment." We may as well relegate to oblivion those crude notions that found their favorite expression in "jelly-like protoplasm," or an indefinite "plasma," for "simple protoplasm" does not exist, even among the most primitive bacteria. "What the mechanistic theory must assume in the case of an organism such as man is a vast assemblage of the most intricate and delicately adjusted cell-mechanisms, each mechanism being so constituted as to keep itself in working order year after year, and in exact coördination with the working of the millions of other cell-mechanisms which make up the whole organism."

If such assumptions tax the imagination, how shall we deal with reproduction and heredity on the basis of pure mechanics? A vast organization of cell mechanisms which represents the body of any higher animal has

arisen from a single cell, that was produced by the union of two cells, an egg and sperm. The hereditary characters coming from both of these cells must be carried in the two nuclei which unite to form the nucleus of the germ or embryo. "On the mechanistic theory, this nucleus must carry within its substance a mechanism which by reaction with the environment not only produces the millions of complex and delicately balanced mechanisms which constitute the adult organism, but provides for their orderly arrangement into tissues and organs, and for their orderly development in a certain perfectly specific manner."

"The mind," declares the author, "recalls from such a stupendous conception." To continue, we are compelled, on the mechanistic hypothesis, "to attribute to the germ plasma, or nuclear substance, a structure so arranged that in the presence of suitable pabulum and stimuli it produces the whole of the vast and definitely ordered assemblage of mechanisms existing in the adult organism. Such a structure must be absolutely definite and inconceivably complex. There is no escape from this assumption." In other words, how two nuclear mechanisms can fuse in fertilization, to form a mechanism of a different order, is unintelligible. When the analysis is pushed to this extreme no one can fail to perceive that the difficulties which the mechanist must encounter in dealing with the powers and properties of the living things are not only very real but apparently insuperable.

If the mechanist, the vitalist, and the animist are all at fault, how, then, are we to account for life and mind? In the last two chapters of this volume the author gives his answer, which might be called the creed of a physiologist, although it is supported, he is assured, by both logic and philosophy. We shall try to epitomize the author's conclusions, but the interested reader must follow the argument for himself: The only real world is that of ideas, which the human mind and personality has moulded for itself, and there is no other. Did any other world exist, it would be impossible for us to know it. Of things, three classes are to be clearly differentiated, though all are bound inextricably together—persons, organisms, and dead or inorganic things. The first cleavage-line is furnished by the mere organism, struggling blindly with an environment which it does not clearly perceive or comprehend; nevertheless, it represents a living, active, structural, and autonomous whole, and furnishes us with a concept that is radically different from anything known to either physics or chemistry, for it embraces the idea of organic determination, and this determination is the key to all organic phenomena. We cannot even admit, says the author, that the living substance is material. The person, alone conscious of itself and of its environment, which it moulds to its will, is more than a machine, more than a mere organism; it is a spiritual being *par excellence*, for it is endowed with personality, the central fact and problem of the uni-

verse. There is no separateness of existence, for, as the author reiterates, all things form one inseparable whole. "Both the external world of things and the spiritual world of persons have their existence, somehow or other, in only one Supreme Existence."

The living organism is not only a unique and specific entity, but it also belongs to a wider organic whole, without which much of its life and its death would be unintelligible. Upon this basis we must, of course, abandon all attempts at a causal explanation of life, but this is thought to be a distinct gain, for if we regard the living organism as a machine merely, we at once abstract from it all that is really characteristic of life. Psychology deals with the person, with the whole man; physiology with only an abstract, since in the latter science the attributes of personality are invariably left out. "Physiological psychology," as a science, cannot therefore exist, and the phrase, with all that is implied, must be regarded as a misborn product of modern times, inevitably doomed to perish.

Personal existence implies participation in a wider personal life, and in speaking of duty the author affirms that "in losing his individual personality in the wider personal life he realizes his true personality," which does not perish with the life of the individual. Philosophy, says the author, leads us up to a central personality, that is not merely an individual. "However dimly we may see it, it is a personality which includes within itself our whole universe."

If we ask what of the time before conscious personality existed, the answer is: "We know nothing of such a time; and time and matter are but expressions of personality. The logic of the universe is the logic of personality, and cannot, as it were, rise up and destroy itself. It is the business of philosophy and religion—for there is no real distinction between the two—to free us from the various illusions through which such a theory seems possible." To quote further: "Personality is living, suffering, rejoicing, and working existence. This idea is clearly embodied in the Christian conception of God; and when we try to penetrate the sensuous mist which blurs that conception we can see that our discussion has brought us very near to it."

To conclude, Dr. Haldane believes that life supplies us with a fundamental concept, that, evolution or no evolution, living things have not come from dead matter, that the world and everything within it has a spiritual significance. The biological concept, he thinks, may in time be extended so as to comprehend the entire realm of inorganic nature. Granting his assumptions, speculation in regard to the origin of either life or personality would therefore be useless.

Dr. Charles Sedgwick Minot, professor of anatomy and director of the anatomical laboratories of the Harvard Medical School, died on November 19. Dr. Minot was born in West Roxbury, Mass., on December 23, 1852. He graduated from the Massachusetts Insti-

tute of Technology in 1872, and from 1873-6 studied in Leipzig, Paris, and Würzburg. In 1875 he received the degree of S.D. from Harvard. He also received an honorary LL.D. from Yale, Toronto, and St. Andrew's University, Scotland, and Oxford conferred on him a doctorate of science in 1902. The greater part of Dr. Minot's career was passed at the Harvard Medical School, and since 1905 he had been the James Stillman professor of comparative anatomy. Dr. Minot invented two forms of automatic microtomes, the "automatic wheel microtome" and the "precision microtome," and he was widely known for his studies in the origin of life. He was a fellow or member of numerous American and foreign scientific associations, and was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1900. His publications included: "Human Embryology," 1892; "Bibliography of Vertebrate Embryology," 1893; "A Laboratory Textbook of Embryology," 1903; "Age, Growth, and Death," 1908; "Die Methode der Wissenschaft," 1913, and numerous papers on biological subjects.

Drama and Music

THE MODERN STAGE.

The Theatre of To-day. By Hiram Kelly Moderwell. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

All persons interested in the modern stage and drama will find this an attractive and instructive book. The author is thoroughly well acquainted with every phase of his subject, writes in a compact and vivacious style, and exhibits an uncommon breadth of view in combination with much sound judgment. Actually, he furnishes a rapid but comprehensive survey of the theatre, at home and abroad, its recent developments in literary, artistic, mechanical, architectural, and managerial achievement, on commercial and independent stages, and therefrom deduces speculations and hopes for the future. With some of his critical estimates of the genius and influence of certain writers of the realistic and emotional school one may disagree—he is somewhat apt to mistake the strange or abnormal for the miraculous—but, as a rule, he is both acute and sane, and his dependence upon facts encourages faith in his generally optimistic outlook. His volume must find a place in every complete theatrical library.

Of course, he is traversing well-beaten ground, and has little to tell that will be absolutely new to the student of theatrical affairs. The value of his work lies in the convenience and brevity of its summaries, its grasp of essentials, and its avoidance of insignificant detail, but, above all, in its realization of the possibilities and almost unlimited scope of the ideal theatre. He sees clearly not only the degradation inflicted upon the stage by the present systems of commercial management, but the underlying causes which have made it inevitable. Without committing himself definitely to

the support of any particular plan, he insists strongly upon the necessity for some sort of democratic control, maintaining that the public, as a whole, will not feel a personal interest in an institution in which it has no sense of ownership. In support of this theory he describes the origin, growth, and notable accomplishment of the Free Folk Theatre in Berlin and similar organizations. There can be no question of the superior artistic value of any self-sustained repertory theatre to any other. For one thing, these theatres are the only effective schools of acting. But whether the whole problem of a dramatic renaissance can be solved by the establishment of popular proprietorship on a remunerative basis is another matter. Such a scheme does not, for instance, insure the maintenance of an enlightened and catholic directorship. It is only reasonable to suppose that the choice of productions would, sooner or later, be dictated by the will of the majority, which probably would declare itself in favor of the lighter and least worthy forms of entertainment. Certainly it would not be likely to lead to that free and open competition which existed under the old system of the stock company and is the best stimulant for art of all varieties.

The fact is that commercialism in the theatre is not, of itself, necessarily an evil. To a certain extent it is inevitable and beneficent. Theatres of every kind, unless highly endowed and therefore non-competitive—which is for many reasons undesirable—must depend upon their receipts. It is only abominable and destructive when organized, as it is to-day, into a few Trusts for the abolition of rivalry and for mere money-making without reference to art or public responsibility of any kind. What is needed is a series of competitive, self-centred theatres seeking public support on their individual merits. These, of course, would be run on different lines, in order to attract different constituencies, but would find their profit in the excellence of their reputations. It is in the establishment of independent theatres, under individual management of whatever kind, that the surest hope of a dramatic revival is based, and the number of them is steadily and rapidly increasing in this country and in Europe.

Mr. Moderwell gives an inspiring account of these houses, their origin and intent, and their achievement, not only in the newer literary, realistic, or imaginative drama, but in the application of the latest mechanical and scientific devices for artistic scenic illusion and suggestion. Comparatively few persons, outside the profession, know what immense advances have been made, during the last few years, towards a revolution in the very form of theatres and their stage machinery and appliances. Those desiring information on the subject will do well to look for it in these pages. There is no reason, of course, why the stage, to which all the arts are tributary, should not profit by any form of artistry useful to it; but there is, neverthe-

less, a real danger to the art of acting in the latest theories of decorative enthusiasts. After all, the interpretation of dramatic fiction by human players is the primary and all important function of the stage. Better no scenery at all than a scenery which by its splendor or mystification distracts attention from the words and action. If Miss Horniman ever said, as reported, that the scenic ideas of Mr. Gordon Craig, who would replace live actors by puppets, were sheer nonsense, she was not far wrong. This puppet-making is what most of the actor-managers from Charles Kean to Beerbohm Tree have, in effect, been engaged in. The best scenery is that which is the best background for the play. What is more than this cometh of evil. But there is a legitimate field for highly symbolical, imaginative, and interpretative scenery in opera, poetic romance, and Maeterlinckian fantasy. In the theatre spectacle is the first and last device for the concealment of histrionic incompetence.

The chapters dealing with modern dramatists are models of concise and intelligent comment. Mr. Moderwell, just and discriminating as he is upon the whole in his comments upon tradition, is somewhat anarchic in his championship of the ultra-moderns. He has even invented a phrase to justify his eulogistic admiration of Strindberg, whose extravagances he approves on the score of "intensive psychology." It is an easy way of accounting for any conceivable inconsistency in the portrayal of character. But it may be conceded that Strindberg had genius of a wayward order, and that human nature is confoundingly complex. Unfortunately, insoluble psychological problems are tiresome or exasperating except in a hospital. In most instances, Mr. Moderwell notes the characteristics of his representative dramatists—he leaves the crowd of popular "backs," without so much as a contemptuous mention, severely alone—with uncommon discernment and felicity. Even when he exaggerates their sum—as in the case of Ibsen, Shaw, and one or two others—his appreciation of their several abilities is judicious and keen. Evidently he is an omnivorous reader, with a most retentive and calculating memory. He has pungent paragraphs on all the prominent dramatists of the last quarter-century in Russia, Austria, Germany, France, Italy, Scandinavia, England, and the United States, and speaks of all with the authority that comes of intimate knowledge. Thus, among the French, he dissects the work of Rostand, Bernstein, Bataille, Donnay, Hervieu, Porto Riche, Brieux, and Curot; of the Italians he selects D'Annunzio, Benelli, Giacosa, and Braccio; of the Russians, Alexander and Leo Tolstoy, Tchekoff, Gorky, and Andreieff; of the Germanic branch, Schnitzler, Bahr, Hofmannsthal, Hardt, Eulenberg, Molnar, and Wedekind; of the English, Barrie, Arnold Bennett, and Masefield; of the Americans, Walter, Sheldon, Charles Klein, Rann Kennedy, and Percy MacKaye. The list is not complete, but is sufficient to indicate the range of his scholarship.

THE REVIVAL OF "CARMEN."

Emma Calvé made the part of Carmen, in Bizet's opera, so much her own that other singers, however venturesome, have hesitated to try to replace her. This is one of several reasons why this masterwork, which in the opinion of many good judges ranks next to Wagner's operas in the matter of harmonic as well as melodic inspiration—Nietzsche even placed it above Wagner's—was neglected for nearly six years at the Metropolitan Opera House. The Century Company won one of its biggest successes with it within a year, but "Carmen," simple and tuneful though it may seem as compared with some other works, is an opera which requires for the full setting forth of its wonderfully varied charms a cast of the greatest singers available. New Yorkers heard it three decades ago with Minnie Hauk and Italo Campanini; some years later, with Calvé and Jean de Reszke; and last week the two most popular artists at the Metropolitan—Geraldine Farrar and Enrico Caruso—combined their rare art and once more aroused an eager audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

Caruso has usually chosen the part of Don José as one of three or four in which he annually appears in Berlin, and not without reason, for, better perhaps than any other rôle in his repertory, it shows his skill as an actor as well as the unequalled charm of his voice. New York audiences also have had repeated opportunity to admire his Don José. His enactment of the last scene, where he chases Carmen and plunges his dagger into her, is one of the finest bits of tragic acting ever seen on the operatic stage. Quite as impressive as this was his enactment, last week, of the officer's insane jealousy in the third act. He is less successful in the lighter episodes of the first act, but his voice is as glorious as ever.

Geraldine Farrar has among her best rôles two—Zerlina in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and the page Cherubino in his "Figaro"—which betray her rare gift for vivacious and comic action; but the parts which in this country have done most to make her famous are pathetic and tragic—the Goosegirl in "Königskinder," "Madama Butterfly," "Tosca," and "Marguerite." Carmen is a composite. In the overture the composer sounds the tragic Fate theme which accompanies her throughout the opera; but in the first two acts the fascinating gypsy girl is seen chiefly in her coquettish, merry, mischievous moods. In her portrayal of these Emma Calvé was inimitable, and it was probably the fear of falling below her standard that made Miss Farrar nervous and inclined to over-act, particularly in the episode with the soldiers in front of the cigarette factory. Again, in the scene where she reads her death in the cards, Miss Farrar, though convincing, did not rise to the height of Calvé, whose big, horror-struck eyes will never be forgotten by those who saw them. In other respects—especially in her tigerish rage when Don José brutally ill-treats her, and in the portrayal by gesture and facial expression of her boredom and impatience at Don José's insistence in front of the bull ring—she is already perfect. Vocally her performance was superb. The part suits her voice admirably, and having evidently recovered her health, she was in better voice than at any time last season.

Toscanini's conducting, though vivacious,

lacked some of the delicacy, glow, and esprit of Campanini's at the Manhattan Opera House in the days of Oscar Hammerstein, but this was largely owing, no doubt, to insufficient rehearsing due to the delayed arrival of the singers from Europe. It cannot be said that the new scenic setting provided by the management is an improvement on the discarded one; rather the contrary; but the spectacle in front of the bull ring is past all precedent in pomp and splendor, giving one an excellent idea of Spanish originals, with the gayly attired men, mules, and horses, the shouting, the flower girls waiting for the toreador, who comes at the end of the procession with his new sweetheart, Carmen, at his side, and all of it glorified by Bizet's inspiring music. The ballet in this last act also is superlatively interesting as danced by the new ballerina, Rosina Galli, and her companions, to exquisite music, some of which is taken from Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" and "La Jolie Fille de Perthe."

HENRY T. FINCH.

Finance

RAILWAY REGULATION AND PHYSICAL VALUATION.

Charles M. Prouty, formerly Interstate Commerce Commissioner and now in charge of what is known as the "physical valuation" of the railways in the United States, speaking before the Convention of Railway Commissioners a few days ago, said that the question of whether the railways should be publicly or privately owned and operated could never be satisfactorily settled until it was known what relation actual value bore to present outstanding securities. He further said:

Assuming that we are to leave the discharge of this function to private enterprise, there arises the even more difficult question as to what the treatment of this private capital shall be. What rates shall be accorded in order that the present investment may be fairly dealt with, and that such further investment will be induced as will render possible the proper development of these facilities?

It must be remembered that the "valuation" process which the Government has in hand will not actually assume to determine what is the actual "present value" of the railways; it will simply collect the facts which are necessary to enable such determination to be made by judicial bodies, for it belongs to such bodies to determine this question. No law of Congress can lay down the principles upon which it is to be determined. The main factors which govern were partly enumerated by the Supreme Court in *Smyth vs. Ames* (1898) as follows:

And in order to ascertain that value the original cost of construction, the amount expended in permanent improvements, the amount and market value of its bonds and stock, the present as compared with the original cost of construction, the probable earning capacity of the property under particular rates prescribed by the statute, and the sums required to meet operating expenses

are all matters for consideration and are to be given such weight as may be just and right in each case. We do not say that there may not be other matters to be regarded in estimating the value of the property.

It is the object of the Valuation Commission, of which Mr. Prouty is head, to collect information on these points. Apparently, the task will take seven to ten years to complete, and the total cost will be something like \$50,000,000, of which 70 per cent. will be met by the railways.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that "valuation" has been made, and that the courts have named a sum of money as representing the fair "present value" of each railway. The problem will then be to make rates such as will give a "fair return" on this "value," and also will attract new capital. Obviously, rates will have to be, as at present, uniform for all carriers throughout each particular rate territory; further, it is impossible to suppose that the existing territorial structures will be abandoned, for such a step would produce instant disturbance of existing commercial and industrial equilibrium. It is also clear that, whatever the courts may decide to be the "present value" of capital already invested, it is the investor who will decide what rate constitutes a "fair return" thereon, and also it is the investor who will judge as to the attractiveness or otherwise of the terms offered by the railways for employment of new capital. Neither Congress nor courts can determine what such return must be—they can only recognize and give effect to whatever the investor determines on the point. Neither Congress nor courts can force investors to provide new capital for the railways. Such capital must be attracted; it cannot be commandeered.

Apparently, it is intended to use the "present values" as ascertained under the law very much as the railways in the 5 per cent. advance case used the "property investment," and set such "values," grouped according to territorial considerations and the "earnings" thereon, against rate structures as a whole, testing results finally in the light of the investor's own judgment. He must, in any event—if private ownership and operation are to continue—be the court of last resort from whom there is no appeal.

This being so, what is the peculiar importance for regulation of the "physical valuation" now proceeding? The investor has been "valuing" these properties every day since they came into being. If the "value" found by the courts agrees with his judgment, well and good; if it does not, he will not accept the court's "value" as a basis for his future investments. The Government (through Congress and the courts) can make him sell his property at a valuation, but it cannot oblige him to accept it for the purpose of future business relations with the Government. It would in fact seem that the real importance of Government valuation would be much more as a necessary step before Government purchase than as a preliminary to scientific regulation.

It is a curious thing that so fundamental a fact as the investor's absolute control over his own capital should not be recognized as the most important consideration in regulation of privately owned enterprises—especially when, as in the case of railways in the United States, a continual supply of new capital is absolutely necessary. If there were no need for this new capital it would be easy enough to say that the railways were worth so much and that they should pay so much to their owners and no more. But as things are, the benefits of private ownership and private enterprise can only be obtained by satisfaction of the investor's demands. This is a practical consideration which no amount of theorizing can remove.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

- Barrie, J. M. *A Window in Thrums*. Scribner.
Davis, G. W. *A Morphine Tablet*. F. W. Brainard. \$1 net.
McCall, S. *The Strange Woman*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.30 net.
McFee, William. *Aliens*. Longmans, Green. \$1.35 net.
Matthews, C. H. S. *Bill, a Bushman*. Longmans, Green. \$1 net.
Nexo, M. A. *Pelle the Conqueror*. Holt. \$1.40 net.
Pain, Barry. *Stories without Tears*. Stokes. \$1.25 net.
Paton, R. *The Tale of Lal*. Brentano's. \$1.35 net.
Rynd, E. *In the City Under Cover*. Longmans, Green. \$1.35 net.
Sears, E. H. *The Son of the Prefect*. Boston: Badger. \$1.25 net.
Watson, E. L. *Cloudesley Tempest*. Brentano's. \$1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Barnard, C. I. *Paris War Days*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$2 net.
Barnouw, A. J. *Beatrijs: A Middle Dutch Legend*. Vol. III. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.
Bartlett, John. *Familiar Quotations*. Tenth edition. Boston: Little, Brown. \$3 net.
Blackwood, A. *Incredible Adventures*. Macmillan. \$1.35 net.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. XI. Putnam.
Carr, J. C. *Coasting Bohemia*. Macmillan.
Connolly, J. B. *The Trawler*. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Cross, E. A. *The Short Story*. McClurg. \$1.50 net.
Daniel, M. N. *Some Pekingese Pets*. Lane. 75 cents net.
Davison, W. T. *The Chief Corner-Stone*. Methodist Book Concern. \$1.50 net.
Depew, C. M. *Some Views on the Threshold of Fourscore*. Privately printed.
Dugmore, A. R. *The Romance of the Beaver*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2.50 net.
Edwards, G. W. *The Forest of Arden, with Some of its Legends*. Stokes.
Farmer, F. M. *The Dinner Calendar*. Sully & Kleinteich. 60 cents net.
Fulton, M. G. *College Life: Its Conditions and Problems*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
Galsworthy, J. *Memories*. Scribner. \$1.50 net.
Hawthorne, N. *A Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales*. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Henslow, T. G. W. *Ye Sundial Booke*. Longmans, Green. \$3.50 net.
Hicks, W. W. *Tributes and Memories*. Boston: Sanctuary Pub. Co.
Hitching, W., and Lutes, D. T. *Baby Clothing*. Stokes. \$1 net.
Hollister, Horace A. *The Administration of Education in a Democracy*. Scribner.
Holmes, E. *In Defence of What Might Be*. Dutton. \$1.50 net.

- Jelliffe, R. A. *A Handbook of Exposition*. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Johnson, C. and B. *The Private Code and Post-Card Cipher*. Putnam.
Kirtlan, E. J. B. *The Story of Beowulf*. Cromwell. \$1.50 net.
Lagerlof, Selma. *The Legend of the Sacred Image*. Holt. 50 cents net.
Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America. Volume VIII, Nos. 1-2. University of Chicago Press. \$2 net.
Rice, W. G. *Carillons of Belgium and Holland*. Lane. \$1.50 net.
Schreiner, Olive. *Woman and War*. Stokes. 50 cents net.
Sidgwick, A. H. *The Promenade Ticket*. Longmans, Green. \$1 net.
Stewart, C. D. *Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare*. Yale University Press. \$1.35 net.
Stopes, Mrs. C. C. *Shakespeare's Environment*. London: Bell & Sons. 7s. 6d. net.
Sumner, W. G. *The Challenge of Facts and Other Essays*. Edited by A. G. Keller. Yale University Press. \$2.25 net.
Thomas, E. *What You Should Tell Your Girl*. Platt & Peck Co. 50 cents net.
Thompson, E. N. S. *Essays on Milton*. Yale University Press. \$1.35 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Auerbach, J. S. *The Bible and Modern Life*. Harper. 75 cents net.
Gilbert, G. H. *The Bible and Universal Peace*. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1 net.
Kent, C. F. *The Songs, Hymns, and Prayers of the Old Testament*. Scribner. \$2.75 net.
Lamarck, J. B. *Zoölogical Philosophy*. Macmillan. \$4 net.
Martin, A. W. *The Dawn of Christianity*. Appleton. \$1.25 net.
Peters, J. P. *Handbooks on the History of Religions*. Vol. V. Boston: Ginn. \$2.75 net.
Richard, E. *God's Paths to Peace*. Abingdon Press. 75 cents net.
Ruhe, A., and Paul, N. M. *Henri Bergson: An Account of his Life and Philosophy*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

- Bender's War Revenue Law. Albany: Matthew Bender & Co. \$2 net.
Bowen, L. deK. *Safeguards for City Youth at Work and at Play*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
Brown, H. G. *International Trade and Exchange*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
Ch'u, Yin. *The Finances of the City of New York*. Edited by Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Vol. LXI, No. 2. Longmans, Green.
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Cotton Facts. 1914 edition. Shepperson Publishing Co. \$1 net.
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